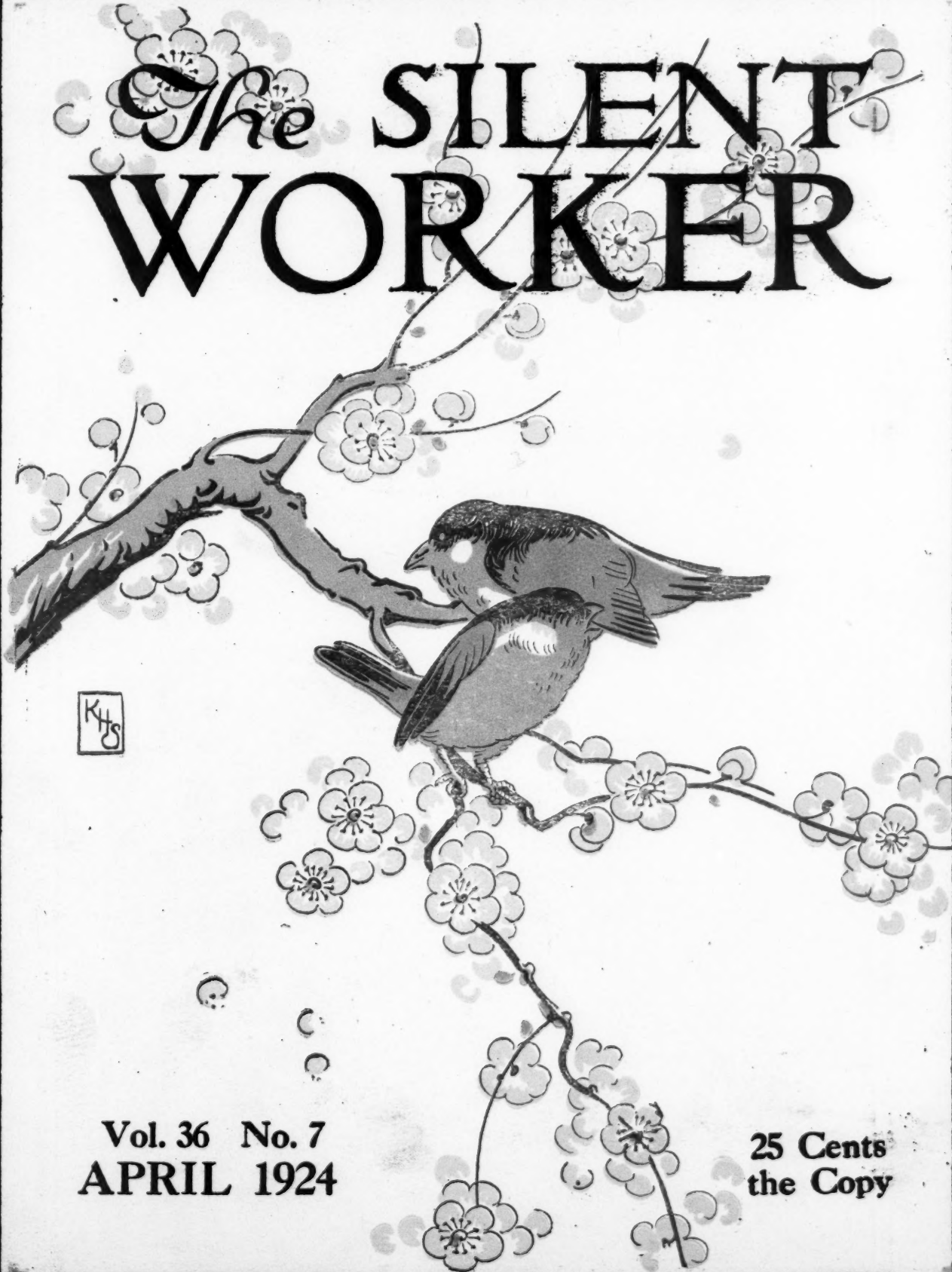


# *The* SILENT WORKER



Vol. 36 No. 7  
APRIL 1924

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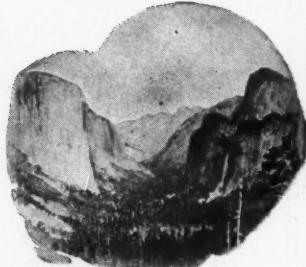
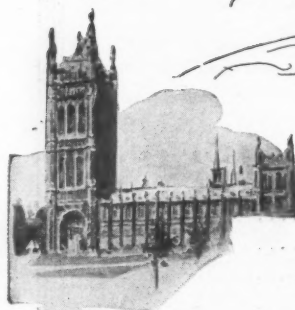
THE SILENT WORKER  
Trenton, N. J.

7/11/22



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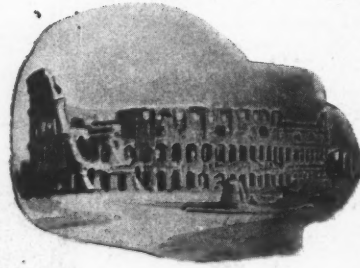
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# **The Silent Worker**

*An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

Volume 36, No. 7

Trenton, N. J., April, 1924

25 cents a Copy



J. SCHUYLER LONG, A.M., Litt.D.

Principal of the Iowa School for the Deaf. Has published a Dictionary of the Sign-language and also a book of verse. Good speaker and eloquent sign maker. At present is Treasurer of the American Association of Principals, Superintendents and Teachers of the Deaf. Tireless worker in affairs relating to the Deaf.



# First American Exhibit of Zubiaurre Paintings

By KELLY H. STEVENS



HE WINTER'S art season brought to New York a novel exhibit of the work of the Brothers Zubiaurre. These two deaf painters of Spain, Valentin and Ramon de Zubiaurre, started quite a ripple in American art circles by their naive portrayals of Spanish life.

The collection as it came to New York comprised forty-two paintings of which eighteen were by Ramon, the remainder by Valentin. It went first to Pittsburgh where it was shown during December, 1923. It next appeared at the Dudensing Galleries in the metropolis where it was shown from January 14 to February 14.

No less a person than Leonce Benedite, director of the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, wrote the foreword. He says:

These two young painters have entered their careers with sincerity, with simplicity deeply imbued with the feeling of the picturesque and exotic grandeur of Spain. Both retain our sympathies, stirring our souls with the same emotional intensity which they have themselves displayed in picturing for us familiar, touching, humble types caught in the attitude of life under exceptional aspects. They are the very representative painters of their country, of their race; their art translates faithfully their whole moral characteristics. Good painters, true Spaniards, they continue worthily, like their illustrious elder Zuloaga, the fine and vigorous lineage of the Spanish School.

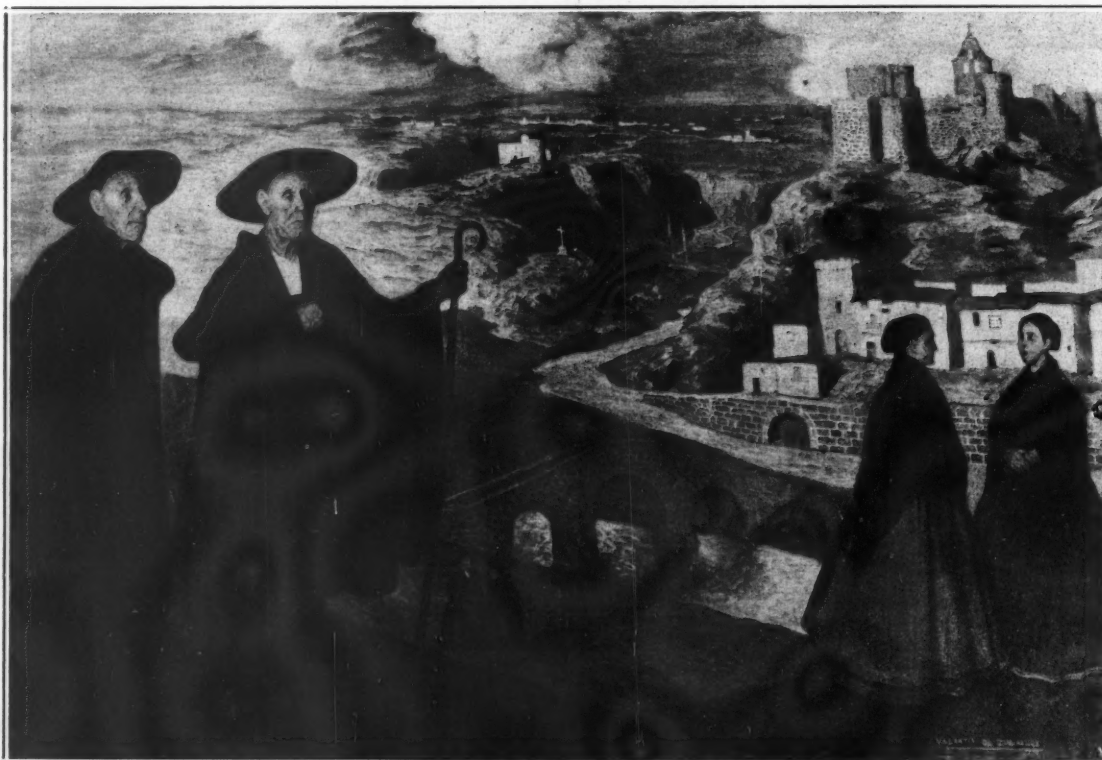
The American art world received the exhibition most favorably. It was commented upon at length by the leading New

York newspapers. In its magazine section of January 20 the *New York Times* had this to say:

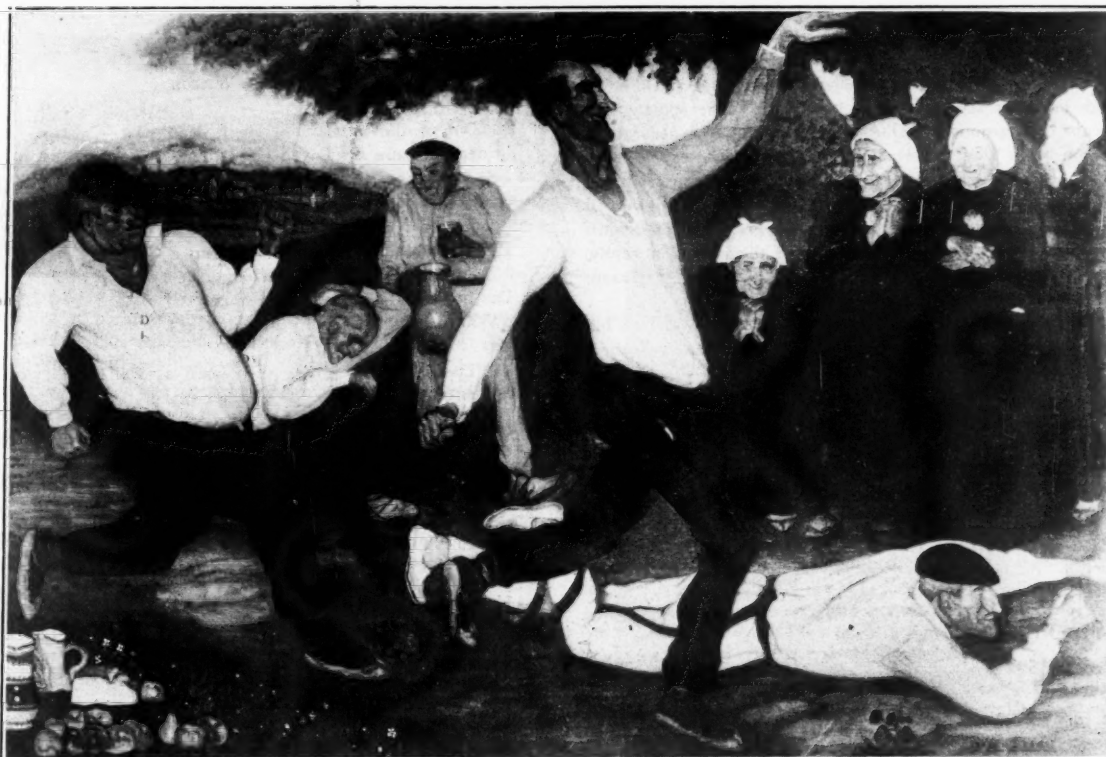
Occasionally things swim in that remind us of slow ways and old customs and the leisure of hard work. Also of the immense benefit to be gained by the enforced shutting out of distractions. The two brothers Ramon and Valentin Zubiaurre, who were showing their work in Pittsburgh last month, are now just around the corner at the Dudensing Galleries. Both painters are deaf, a terrible affliction for the those whose minds are tuned to sound, but a very great advantage to those who live chiefly with the visible and ponder its significance. Perhaps their deafness as much as their love of the Basque country has sent them back from salons and cosmopolitan life to their land of valley and mountain and sea and its peasant types.

They have not, however, been blind to signs of the times, and their inward ear has caught sounds of what we so amusingly call progress in the arts—even hints of the cubist who had done so much for our clarity of statement, and been repaid as those who do much are apt to be repaid. The houses in the background of Ramon de Zubiaurre's "Young Fisher Folk" might not have been so clear and decisive, cutting across one another with so little ceremony, with such a nice feeling for angles and flat spaces, if they had been painted earlier in the day, before the cubists taught that particular enunciation.

Neither Ramon nor Valentin is easily classified, however. They look modern, they look old, they look Spanish, they have primitive tastes in the old false sense of primitive as applied to quattrocento Italian art. Observe the "Young Fisher Folk," man and woman each somewhat resembling the large-eyed fish. How closely and charmingly the middle distance is filled with the decoration of boats and bridges and zigzag lights. Brightly embroidered the whole thing is wherever a space seems to invite it; yet there is no fussing when the space asks to be let alone.



"THE GOLDEN CASTILLA"—by Valentin de Zubiaurre.



"THE RACE" --by Ramon de Zubiaurre

The "Old Fisher Folk," also by Ramon, a companion picture (as oldfashioned as that), has the same kind of gleaming detail with greater brightness of color. The painter has been devout with his color. The blues, pallid in the eyes of the fisherman, murky toward purple in his blouse, patched and various in his trousers, back again to pallid in the basket of fish, a flash of crimson in the fishwife's knitting, the two uniting in the purple of the roofs, a living black in the woman's handkerchief and, low in the foreground, fruits like jewels. The kind of thing they did when Velasquez was a boy, overlaid by the kind of thing they do now, and, of course, objective, as Spanish painting is and has been, except when a Greek has taken it over.

One portrait, "A Basque Woman," by Valentin shows the height to which this objective painting may climb, a remarkable portrait, full of pride, obstinacy, nobility tightly held within a firm bounding line, the head erect, the eyes calm, the hands folded, the lips pale and purplish, a narrow ruffle encircling the throat and wrists, the dress dark and plain, a casually painted mountain background. Nothing since Leibl so patiently expressive, everything except the background, which has a trivial look, speaking of plainness, solidity, pride.

For the rest, the exhibition is entertaining as a picture book of customs strange to us, but with which the artists themselves have a profound intimacy. The dances, races, feasts and fairs are matters of great antiquity in that aristocratic triangle of Northeastern Spain containing the Basque Provinces. The two painters, one blandly, the other with a gay little violence, knowing them well, use them as subject matter without self-consciousness, apparently unsolicited by the obvious picturesque; very much at home, but at home after long absence, with a quickened sense of the significance in commonplace; fond of introducing minor episodes with the acutely shortened perspective of the early masters; fond of placing dark heads against light backgrounds and forcing color contrasts as well; a trifle sentimental with the loveliness of the young girls, classic of feature, and with the senility of the old women, toothless and leathery; a trifle immobile, except in representations of activity and then only the active ones moving, no help on the part of the constructive lines, the picture as a whole not expressing movement, not at all modern in this respect; a trifle given to crowding; all the corners filled up, and not much room for air, again not modern; but with all deductions made, a pair of competent painters with a capital story to tell. The exhibition should not be missed by any one interested in what is being done in the countries

known to us more definitely through commerce than through their art.

Tiring of Paris and its cosmopolitan life these two young men betook themselves a few years ago to newer painting grounds, to a region yet unspoiled, the Basque provinces of Northeastern Spain. Here they have painted Spain as it really is, not as the conventional Spain of the stage and the Hollywood studios. Before viewing their work we may as well dismiss our conception of flashing beauties arrayed in fringed shawls, cigarettes between teeth and Cuban heels beneath their feet. We must banish palm-decked plazas, the bull ring and its tinselled toreadors, for none of these things the Zubiaurre brothers show us on their canvases. In the Basque provinces they have entered into the simple life of the peasant. They show him to us at his daily tasks and at his fetes. There are pictures of peasants on their way to market, of fisherfolk unloading their finny wares from their boats, of old women at their homely labors, of young girls and men at village festivals. We see a group of country women play cards in the market place, another group are engaged in sewing, a picnic is spread upon a grassy hill-top in the fading light of day.

One feels running through these Basque paintings the expression of a strong native character. These people, though poor and struggling for life amid a grim mountainous province, like all mountain people the world over are possessed of a very strong sense of pride. It shows everywhere in the faces of the peasant types, in the clean though patched garments of the country folk, in the stiff costumes of the old women—black dresses of the plainest cut edged with white ruffles at throat and wrists. There is also manifest a strong quality of seriousness in these people. They go about their lives in a sedate way. They look out of the frames at us with sober eyes. Nowhere is there portrayed a sheer joyous delight in living. Even at their fairs and festivals these Spanish peasants seem to be taking their pleasures most seriously.

It is apparent that the Zubiaurres express most interest in their types. The faces and figures stand out vigorously. The odd corners in the foregrounds of the pictures are invariably filled up with touches of bright color introduced through bowls of fruit, pieces of pottery or copper pots. The landscape backgrounds of the figures are purely decorative. They consist in abstractions of the mountain landscape simply painted, yet very effective and suggestive of the environment of ancient towering fortresses, grim churches, and high-piled cloud masses in a golden glow. Broad green plains stretch away to where jagged blue peaks raise themselves abruptly. It is a rather somber country, such as would naturally produce the hardy, thrifty types the pictures show.

At first view the exhibition seemed to be the work of but one painter, so well does the work of either brother complement that of the other. On this point it is said that each refuses to exhibit unless in company with his brother. But despite the similarity of the subjects, closer study reveals differences in attitude and treatment. Valentin, the older brother, is more careful and restrained in his work. He is primarily interested in the rendering of character in his types. His fondness for old women as models amounts almost to an obsession. His young men are strong and clear eyed, his country maidens very appealing with their large gazelle-like eyes and wistful faces. In "The golden Castilla," No. 36 in the exhibition, we see Valentin's love for characterization. We first note his tired old monks trudging along the hilly road. What worn, pathetic old faces they possess! They are quite as much alike as two peas in a pod. Beyond the monks, suffused with a ruddy sunset glow is the plateau of Castile, marked here and there with ancient structures bathed in centuries of sun.

Ramon, the younger brother, has felt the touch of futurism. He revels in bright colors and shows a love for pattern in his pictures. His taste for the grotesque finds expression in pictures like "The Race." Here we see an old men's race at a country festival. The physical features of the men are exaggerated, cartoon-fashion to give humor to the scene. Age everywhere likes to believe that it is still young and these old Spanish farmers are enjoying a brief flash of youth. The onlooker is inclined to sympathize with the fellow with the paunch, panting in the rear, and hopes that he will catch up with the spry and sinewy individual whom an untoward accident has placed in the lead.

## To Pass On Deaf Auto Drivers' Fitness

HARRISBURG, March 5.—A committee representing the deaf persons of Pennsylvania will pass upon all applications for drivers' licenses and learners' permits received from the deaf applicants by the automobile division, officials in the department of highways said today.

The committee, which will serve without pay, consists of the Rev. F. C. Smileau, Selinsgrove; Prof. J. A. McDvanne, Philadelphia, and F. A. Leitner, Wilkinburg. Since March 1 it has been legal for deaf persons to operate motor vehicles in Pennsylvania, if they receive licenses.

"The committee will not personally examine deaf applicants for automobile drivers' licenses, nor will they be present at the examinations, but the department will refer to it the names of 'deaf applicants.'" Benjamin G. Eynon, registrar, said. "The committee within a day or so thereafter will furnish a brief report as to the applicants' fitness to operate a car."  
—Philadelphia North American March 5,

"You're a pretty sharp boy, Tommy."

"Well, I ought to be. Pa takes me into his room and strops me three or four times a week."

## TAPS

TRIBUTE TO WOODROW WILSON  
By GILL ROBB WILSON

Out of the past! The dear dead past—  
So dear because my Loved lived then,  
So dead because I lost them there.  
Out of the dear dead past you ken  
When war had chilled the tranquil air  
There comes the vision of thy form:  
A Man! Erect! With strength he bears  
The burden of that hell-born storm  
Whose rain was bitter human tears.

The storm has gone! The man as well!  
Which was the Master? Did either make  
The other what he was or failed to be,  
Or did the storm and man both make  
Something of each other, as wind and sea  
Combine to drive some laden bark  
Through shoals of deep adversity  
Into the port through tide and dark  
Where peace breeds deep tranquility.

Can more be said of him than this  
He was the foe of that fell demon, War!  
Did War his name engrave upon the world?  
'Twas as a foe to War and nothing more!  
He won a war? 'Twas nothing. Flags unfurled  
Amidst the gas and smoke and cannon roar  
Mean only this: Brave men are hurled  
Into the gaping maw of hell's wide door  
And sorrow broods upon a crazy world.

You was a Man! Who strives for peace  
Must ever wait till ages judge his fame.  
'Tis not within my scope to place  
An everlasting crown upon his name,  
But in the thread of history I can trace  
The thought that he who dares the stars  
And makes his work to evermore erase  
The flaming name of that arch traitor, Mars,  
Must be a man with almost God's own grace.

—Trenton Evening Times

## Mute Bowlers In Press Headpin Tourney

There's one group of bowlers to whom the roar and din of the bowling alleys—the crash of ball on pins—the shouts of glee which arise after brilliant plays—holds no fascination.

The members of the group are all mutes. They are employed at Goodyear and learned to bowl on Goodyear Alleys. They learned well, Wingfoot fans will tell you, for records show no great number of Goodyear women who can beat them.

The women will roll their games Wednesday night in The Press Headpins Bowling Tournament. All are aiming at topping Mr. L. Zimmerman's score of 93, which so far holds the lead among fair sex bowlers.

Women bowlers from Goodyear, Firestone and independent alleys will roll Wednesday night in The Press Tourney. The five Greis sisters also Goodyear employes, bowled Tuesday night.

She: "Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man!"  
He (bashfully): "He did. I'm the man."



# Anton Schroeder, Inventor

By Dr. JAMES H. CLOUD



THE FIELD of invention is one in which the deaf may compete comparatively free from the usual handicaps which beset them in quite a few other vocations.

It requires a discerning mind to recognize a general need and an inventive one to meet it in a practical manner. Therefore a successful inventor is one who contrives something both practical and marketable. He must exercise great patience and perseverance in order to attain this end and the more he knows of patent law the better. An invention to be profitable should be useful, efficient, and of the simplest possible construction. It is one thing to invent something that is patentable and quite another thing to invent something that is both patentable and salable. Inventions of limited use, however ingenious, are usually unprofitable to the inventor and not sought after by manufacturers.

Mr. Anton Schroeder, of St. Paul, Minn., is essentially a practical inventor. He took to inventing early and has made it his life work. He holds a number of patents and copy-rights from which he derives a comfortable income in royalties. His best known inventions, which have met with a ready sale and a steady demand, have been in the field of building hardware. Conspicuous among them is his storm sash, screen, and shutter

located at New Britain, Conn. It is a high compliment to an inventor who produces something which the Stanley Company is willing to put on the market. Before being accepted by the



*Anton Schroeder and Family*

Stanley Company an invention must first be favorably passed upon by a large general sales committee composed of trained experts familiar with what is already on the market and able to appraise a new invention as likely to supplant anything already in use.

The Stanley Works, established some eighty-five years ago, is now one of the world's great manufacturing institutions. Its plant at New Britain, Conn., comprises over 125 buildings and covers over 50 acres. The company has factories, mills, warehouses and offices in the principal cities in this and foreign countries. Mr. Schroeder served the Stanley Company for while as travelling salesman, introducing his new inventions to the trade. This took him to all parts of the country. Travel and salesmanship proved to be an educative combination replete with practical experience.

The list of Mr. Schroeder's inventions is constantly being augmented by new additions — products of his discerning, practical, and inventive mind. One of his latest inventions, the working model of which I saw him making on the occasion



*Actual photo, note the method of locking this fastener.*

hanger and fastener. The attachments are so wonderfully simple, efficient, useful and in such general demand that it is really surprising that this old world of ours had to wait for them until Mr. Schroeder came along. Most of Mr. Schroeder's inventions are made and marketed by the great Stanley Works

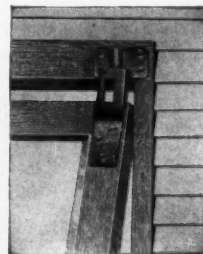


*(Schroeder's Patent)*

The hook feature of this fastener enables the sash to be drawn inward so as to fit snugly.

The sash is held closed by engaging the notch into the pin which is driven into the side of the casting.

Size 10 inches long.



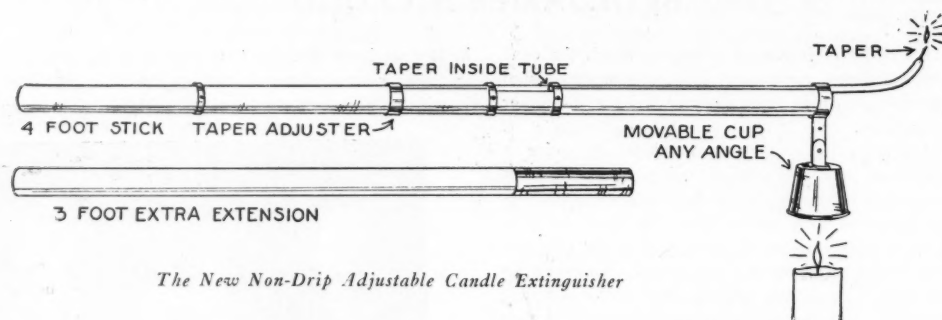
*(Schroeder's Patent)*

This is the new non-rattling hanger. Size 25/8" long.

## THE SILENT WORKER

of a recent visit to St. Paul, is a non-drip candle extinguisher likely to come into general use in Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, convents, colleges, academies, and hospitals having high altars and tall candles. The Arch Bishop of St. Paul

Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder have three children—two sons and a daughter. The oldest son 23, is a graduate of St. Thomas' College, St. Paul, and of the University of Minnesota. At the present time he is connected with the Western Electric and



*The New Non-Drip Adjustable Candle Extinguisher*

and several clergy have bestowed their high approval on the candle extinguisher and a big wholesale concern is dickering for the sole agency of the invention. The indications point to a large demand,—a demand not confined to this country.

Mr. Schroeder received his schooling at the Minnesota State School for the Deaf, Faribault, supplemented by the course at St. John's College and at a business college. He is in his 55th year and still going strong. He has always been actively identified with the affairs effecting the welfare of the deaf of St. Paul, of Minnesota, and of the country generally. He has almost continuously held positions of responsibility and trust. At the present time he is secretary of the Board of the Thompson Memorial, chairman of the State Fair Exhibit Committee of the Minnesota Association, and chairman of the Twin City De l'Epee Club.

The Schroeder home has a beautiful location on an elevation overlooking the golf links near the dividing line between St. Paul and Minneapolis and within convenient walking distance from the Thompson Memorial Hall, the finest and best appointed club house for the deaf in the world.

located at Chicago. The second son 18, is attending college and expects to enter the University next fall. Both sons are mechanically inclined—chips of the old block in that respect. The little daughter of the family, aged 8, attends school and is making fine progress. All three of the Schroeder children are proficient in the use of the sign language. Mrs. Schroeder attended Gallaudet College for several years. She, in addition to managing her own household in a most excellent manner, finds time for and takes interest in the general activities among the deaf of her home city.

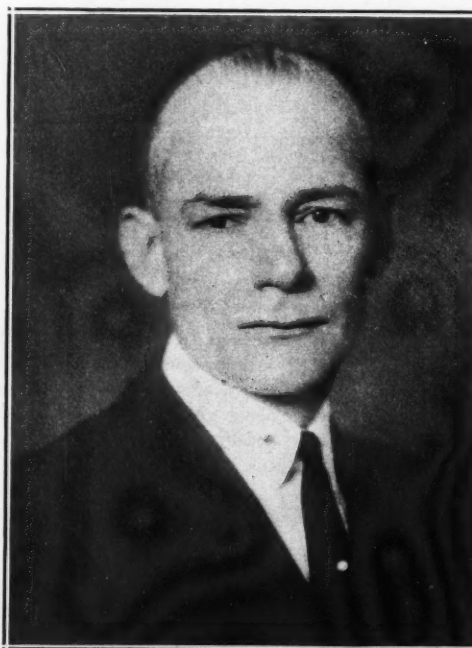


*Main offices and Plant of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn., where all Mr. Schroeder's patent hangers and fasteners are manufactured.*



MISS BESSIE TAYLOR  
Zaneville, Ohio

Question: Is she going marketing or does she expect to meet a friend at the bridge?



HORACE W. BUELL  
Auditor of Accounts—The fair, Chicago, Ill.

# THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson

**I**N COMMON with other sections of the country, the Pacific Coast has for several years been basking in the Own Your Own Home movement. Not only has the practice been general amongst the hearing portion of the population, but such of the deaf as can have established themselves in their own homes. The advantages of owning your own home have been well exploited in the public press. What applies to

of the deaf, as is common with the rest of mankind, have any great inclination or inducement to save, but the moment they become homeowners they join the ranks of the thrifty and the provident. They become a permanent addition to the community and interested above the average in its welfare.

Of course there are amongst the deaf, as elsewhere, such as find a permanent abode irksome, inconvenient, or due to the nature of their employment impossible or unprofitable.



HOME OF LEANDRO MALDONADO in the fashionable Rockridge district of Oakland and close to Berkeley. This is a beautiful building inside and out.



Looking up Regent Street, Berkeley, from The Argonaut's lawn. The trees covered with white blossoms and which line this street are a variety of wild plum, that blossoms profusely in mid-winter.

the general run of the population also applies to the deaf. The deaf homeowner is a better citizen, more interested in local government and affairs, and a better father and husband.

The own your own home movement is also a great promoter of thrift. The man who is paying for his own home has something definite to save for. Only a portion

There are also others who may be capable of making better financial investments than that of merely owning their own home. But the individuals who will not find homes of their own profitable from a financial, social and family standpoint are so small as to be almost negligible.

In California the proportion of deaf home owners is large,



BERKELEY HOME OF MURRAY CAMPBELL, formerly of New York. This is the popular style in bungalows.



One of the newer bungalows of cement finish, this is the Berkeley home of Monroe Jacobs. It is located in one of the best residence sections of the city.



especially amongst those who have families, and compares quite favorably with the hearing population. Around San Francisco Bay the home owning impetus has been unusually pronounced in all sections of this large territory. It will

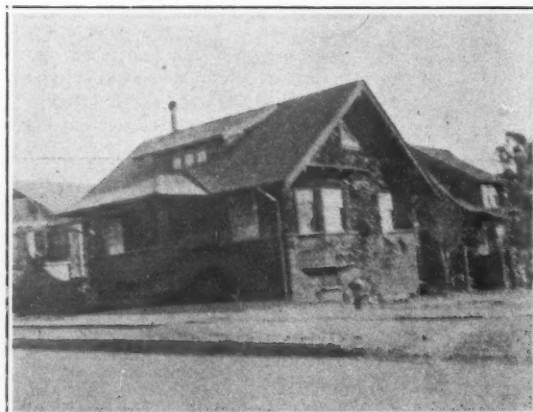


RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN T. DILKE, BERKELEY. This is an older type of home, which Mr. Dilke, who is a painter, has made over wonderfully both inside and outside.

not be a wild guess to say that not less and probably considerably more than twenty-five per cent of all deaf married couples own their own homes.

In this district the owned homes of the deaf range from humble cottages to stately mansions. Some were bought and paid for long ago; others are being acquired by patient toil and frequent sacrifice. The happiness within their walls is not measured by the value of the buildings. Some of the more modest homes are the most popular and within their confines the greatest hospitality is dispensed. Generally all are neatly kept and economically managed, thanks to the domestic training their mistresses received while girls in school.

Within the city limits of San Francisco land is high in value and space is limited. From the bay of San Francisco to the Pacific Ocean is but eight miles. On the north is the Golden Gate and eight miles south are the San Mateo hills. Within these sixty four square miles San Francisco proper must grow and its growth evidently is upward towards the



HOME OF HENRY FRANCK, BERKELEY. Situated on a rising elevation this house has a good view of much of the lower portion of Berkeley.

sky, much after the manner of buildings on Manhattan Island. So homes are placed side by side and often front on the property line with no lawn or gardens. Garages are built beneath the houses. In a few of the outlying residence dis-

tricts houses are detached and flowers and shrubbery are found in profusion.

However, one must venture into greater San Francisco to find home life at its best. South down the peninsula, as they call it, the great estates are giving away to modest homes and bungalows. So great is the increase in population here that it will not be long before this territory is annexed to San Francisco city. Within San Francisco itself with its towering apartment houses, miles and miles of them, few of the deaf own their own homes. Down the peninsula there are more.

It is, however, when we cross the bay to the great west side, to the cities of Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda, where nearly half a million people dwell that we find home life at its greatest expansion. Here too are the greatest proportion of the deaf home owners. Here a house is completed every few minutes and here every so often does one of these places fall into the hands of the deaf. It's a great home life that the deaf have around San Francisco bay. What with social calls and parties, rendered so convenient by frequent and rapid transportation, with working in the garden and putting around the houses, the deaf home owner has an ideal existence.

In this issue we present photographs of some East Bay (Oakland and Berkeley) homes of the deaf. In a later issue



Another building in Oakland close to the Berkeley line. Residence for many years of James Daggett. This shingle exterior building was a popular style until superceded by the cement bungalow.

will appear homes owned on the west side of the bay, where are located San Francisco proper and the great peninsula down which it is spreading.

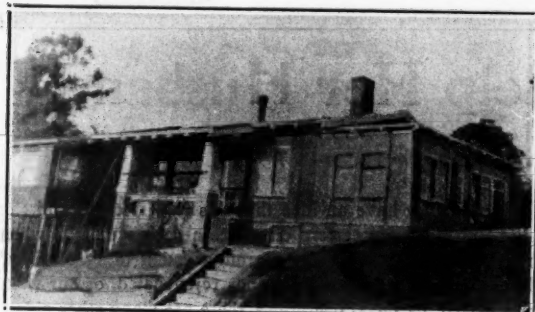
Few of the deaf ever engage actively in politics, whether local, state or national. Beyond casting their ballots as dutiful citizens, their interest in politics is limited to what news the daily papers purvey. Of course there are exceptions. Political offices of no small importance have been held by the deaf from time to time. Yet there is small danger of any of the deaf being drawn even remotely into the Teapot Dome affair.

It may not always be thus. The deaf are apt pupils at the font of political knowledge and practice, as witness the politics they employ in regulating their own affairs. In all small local units the deaf have a most intimate knowledge of the personalities and idiosyncrasies of each other. Methods used by the hearing in the rough to influence masses of voters are polished down to an almost unbelievable state of perfection by the deaf.

The straw vote is a means used by the hearing to indicate which way the political wind is blowing. It is far too crude for the deaf who have what is termed a "dope sheet." A dope sheet lists each individual separately regarding his preference to the various candidates for office, as favorable, doubtful, unfavorable, etc. Or the individual's preference for a certain

candidate may be recorded in per cents, a 100 per cent mark indicating absolute preference, 50 per cent an undecided choice, etc. A straw ballot is almost useless, as where people know each other so intimately, they will frequently, in order to get rid of the matter, promise to vote for anybody and everybody.

These dope sheets are not by any means unfallible. The "Argonaut" has had many a good laugh over one purloined



This cottage situated on the rear of a corner lot is the home of Edward Brodrick, flooring contractor. He plans to build a more pretentious abode on the front portion of the lot.

from the "enemy," which turned out at the actual contest, to be wild of the true state of affairs and evidently based more upon hopes than good judgment. Yet these sheets often furnish a basis for turning a close election. One state election was won by a hair's breadth. The chairman in charge unwittingly called a few minutes recess for inspection of some papers. This gave one influential individual time to interview a doubtful voter with the result that his solitary vote swung the election. On another occasion the late arrival of an automobile containing three voters broke down on the way to the meeting, costing a candidate his election, just as the forecast indicated.

Occasionally a dope sheet meets with unexpected reversals. At one large gathering which ultimately packed the hall, a long line of unexpected persons put in an appearance, qualified for admittance as deaf residents, remained just long enough to cast their ballots and then quietly disappeared.

Very frequently as an election draws near a large proportion of the voters are "fixed." They have already made up their minds, but a certain proportion are sure to have an open mind and are determined to hear arguments before casting any ballots. This gives the spellbinders a chance to display their wares from the platform and all the ingenuity that signs can command are used. The man who makes the right kind of an appeal and who knows his audience intimately can usually thus influence at least a few votes.

Sometimes charges of "dirty work" creep in. But usually this can be taken with a grain of salt. If three candidates A, B and C are in the running and A figures he has, out of 45 votes, a following of 25 to 15 each for B with the object of eliminating C, who may be the candidate he would fear on the second ballot. This is rough on C and not entirely fair to B, but usually the troubled waters ensuing smooth over in a short time.

More and more are the deaf coming, through their associations, into contact with politicians and law makers. This arises largely through their necessity of furthering laws beneficial to the deaf and opposing those inimical. Then the experience which the deaf have acquired through their own political affairs, stands them in good stead.

The attention of The Argonaut has been called to the fact that one of the leading newspapers in Southern California is offering a prize of \$500 for the best article as to why the deaf, the blind, the crippled, the insane, etc., should not be allowed to drive automobiles. Well one cannot reply to an article not already written, but in this connection it might not be amiss to quote from an editorial appearing in the Chicago American;

Regulations in various states forbid issuing an automobile driver's license to anybody that is deaf, or whose hearing is seriously defective.

It may be said, offhand, that if a man is deaf and cannot hear the warning horn behind him he should not be allowed to drive an automobile, since his driving might endanger others.

But there are several BUTS.

In the first place the important thing in driving is SIGHT. When a man is driving it is the business of the man BEHIND him to look after his own car, not the business of the man ahead.

It is true that one automobile behind another has the right to expect that the one ahead will turn out and make way if it is going very slowly. This is the main point involved. As to danger to pedestrians and other cars it is not so clear.

The horn is used less and less by good drivers, except to warn those ahead to turn out and a man deaf, with good eyesight, can see what is ahead and use his horn for warning.

Automobiles are run, at least ninety-nine per cent, by SIGHT not by hearing.

It is a matter to be decided carefully. No man afflicted with deafness would protest against a discrimination depriving him of a natural pleasure if it could be shown to be dangerous to others.

Following this editorial is a letter from one of our own deaf, and in commenting on the letter, the American says: "The writer makes it clear that many of the dangerous drivers, those that drive the big noisy trucks, hear nothing but the noise of their own engines, no matter how good their hearing."

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors of the California Association for the Deaf it was decided to hold the next regular convention in Los Angeles, July 3rd to 5th, 1924. It was decided not to present medals to the pupils of the state school this year as has been customary. Some time ago the blind alumni presented a gold watch to some meritorious graduate of the blind school annually, but recently the practice was discontinued. Now the deaf have followed suit. The presentation of the medals was one of the leading features of deaf school commencement program.



C. V. BARDEN  
Steel and Copper Engraver for Marshall Field and Co.,  
Chicago.

## The Woman and The Home

Edited by Mabel Pearson Moore

### How A Wife Can Help Her Husband

By M. E. L.

**I**T IS plainly apparent that husbands need our help, the dears, or else leading publications would not be devoting whole columns of valuable space to this very thing. Most of us are pretty well fed-up with the time-worn advice that is handed out by famous authorities, such as: "Never appear at breakfast in a kimono and curl-papers. Always have the dinner well cooked and ready on time, and give him nothing but pleasant words for scowls and growls." If you haven't read this, very likely your husband has, and not by any possibility will he forget to remind you. Here is a valuable hint whereby the editor of the SILENT WORKER may insure the everlasting gratitude and good-will of its women readers: Offer a prize for the most instructive and entertaining article on "How a husband may help his wife."

In the general scheme of things, Man, by reason of his greater physical strength, is the chief burden-bearer,—that is, he must produce the wherewithal to buy shelter, food, and other necessities of life. Woman is his first-assistant, doing the things for which she is best fitted by Nature, so she might as well find out what he wants and give it to him, within reason, of course.

The average man likes to have his wife appreciate his virtues and accomplishments; other folks are all too willing to offer criticism and blame. Even Santa Claus expects, and gets a lot of credit that ought to go to his wife.

Probably you have heard of the popular song, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." This is something in a nutshell for every woman. After working hard all day in an office or shop Mr. Man enjoys a quiet evening in a cheerful home with his wife and kiddies. In order to keep her home always bright and cheerful, so that the machinery of house-keeping will not show," a woman has a right to expect her share of modern improvements and "electrical servants," the same as a man does in his business. If he will not make an effort to give them to her when she needs them, he is partly responsible for the result. In the business of life our best capital is health; so let's preserve it.

Men like to see their wives looking pretty and attractive,

of course. They have an idea that this is part of our mission in life. In a certain eastern city lives a society matron whom her friends refer to as "that charming young thing of sixty." While few of us can have our glands rejuvenated, or our wrinkles removed by facial operations, there are many other aids to health and beauty worth considering. Exercise, fresh air and sunshine, of course, paying too much attention to details, worry and gossip are childish, and usually get us nowhere in the right direction. In the words of a famous clergyman, let us simplify,

simplify, simplify. Without intending to be bromidic, I'll remind you that the real success of a family depends very much on the wife and mother. Woman is by nature more sensitive to the finer perceptions of life than man and she is wise who cultivates this facility, which leads to incomparable satisfaction and reward.

*"The woman's cause is man's,  
they rise or fall,  
Together, slave or God-like,  
bond or free.  
If she be small, slight-natured,  
miserable,  
How can men grow?"*

Quite a number of silent workers are married women with remunerative positions in the business world. It is commendable for them to help bring in the shekels as long as it does not interfere with their important duty of being a wife and mother. Deafness can hardly be called an excuse for lack of initiative in this land and year of Opportunity, America, 1924.

Did you ever read the delightfully humorous satires of Nina Wilcox Putnam, for examples, "Isn't that just like a man?" in the American Magazine? I used to think her husband, Mr. Sanderson was quite a hero to let his wife hold up his faults and foibles to the public view; but the royalty she received may have been some compensation in its way. Well, I had another guess coming, for Nina went and got a divorce! You can never tell, says I.

Any woman can make herself useful by finding a lost collar-button while her husband is too busy swearing to locate it himself. Then there are the fifty odd uses of a hair-pin in an emergency. An understanding of details is not so bad after all.

#### Note

*We are printing here an article which was entered in our contest awarding a \$5.00 prize for the best article on "How A Wife Can Help Her Husband?" Even though it did not quite capture the prize, it is too good an article to cast aside, so we have obtained the permission of the writer to print it.—EDITOR.*

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

—William Cowper.

Truth has such a face and such a mien,  
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

—Dryden.



# Deaf-Mute Tax Map Draftsman

By J. A. VENTOLO



THE SUBJECT of this article is a young man—a graduate of the Ohio School for the Deaf (1918) at present tax map draftsman extraordinary with the Jefferson County Engineering force of Steubenville, Ohio, or in other words Leon Moreland alias "Silent Leon."

Leon has been employed by the Jefferson County Engineering force for the past three years. If I am not mistaken Moreland is the first deaf-mute tax map draftsman working under his present capacity in the state of Ohio.

While in the Ohio State School for the Deaf, Leon was taught cabinet-making and drafting by Dr. Jones, superintendent of that institution and he silently voices his indebtedness to Dr. Jones for having given him the opportunity to his present position.

Leon has often told me that more benefit could be derived by deaf-mutes if tax or farm mapping were taught them rather than mechanical drafting which is so difficult for hearing people, let alone the mutes.

While Leon was still in school he confided in the principal, Dr. Patterson, that his ambition was to become a mechanical draftsman. Dr. Patterson smilingly insisted that it was almost an impossibility for a mute to attain such height—or even to become any kind of a draftsman, but Leon persevered and was not denied some success. There is no doubt that Leon is now much better off than if he were working at mechanical drafting. He is today considered by some well known engineers in Ohio as being the best tax and village plat draftsman in the state.

Moreland has had, however, much advantage in having for his employer Mr. J. N. Leech, president of the Ohio Engineering Society, who spared no effort in teaching and advising him in his occupation.

In 1908, Moreland was employed by Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Akron, but did not remain there long as he desired to return to his folks in Toronto, Ohio. While at Toronto, however, he could not find employment along the drafting line. Going to Steubenville he was hired by W. R. Walker, Civil and Mining Engineer Co. as a rodman, but having the disadvantage of being deaf he could not be used in that capacity so was released. Leon, by this time was discouraged and thought that his ambitions were to be laid aside, but, not without effort. He solicited the aid of his uncle, Bert Moreland, present assistant Prosecuting Attorney of Jefferson Co., Ohio. Mr. Moreland inquired of the county surveyor and with his mother Leon paid a visit to J. N. Leech, then the County surveyor. Mr. Leech decided to give him a chance.

The following week Moreland started in from the "ground up." He was started tracing and copying deeds for farms and in the course of a few weeks was in the midst of farm plats tracing out lost courses and preparing plats for the coming reappraisal. Through the help of Mr. Leech, Moreland soon became an expert. It seems that Moreland's disadvantage (being both deaf and mute became advantageous as he could give his entire consideration to his work, as tax mapping requires much concentration and patience.

Today Moreland has charge of checking, correcting farm plats, platting larger maps of villages with an accuracy that was never known in this county for many years.

The first few days as tax map draftmen were very silent ones for Leon. Our force took an interest in him and offered our help in any way possible. We offered help in lettering, explaining the "Whys" and "Wherefores" of platting and to do so we learned "Silent Leon's" language. (Mute Alphabet.) That I can talk faster and read faster the mute language is a source of pride to me and envy to my fellow workers. We are still at it and for "hearing people" I think we are pretty good mutes.

There is not a joke, not a thing, that occurs during the course of day that we ever overlook "Silent Leon." He is aware of the pranks we play on one another,—of our pleasures and sorrows, we feel he is one of us, and as bright a young man who ever "slung the ink" on a drafting table.

It is through knowing "Silent Leon" that we feel the deaf mutes are not handicapped, but it is through his grit and sand

that Leon has been successful in his ambition thus far, and from my point of view he is in line to attain a higher altitude in his ambitions.

Moreland and I have often talked the matter of mute draftsman. It seems to me, and Moreland agrees with me, that tax platting and farm mapping should be taught to mute pupils in schools for the deaf rather than a more difficult course in mechanical drafting—a profession that is overrun by hearing men.

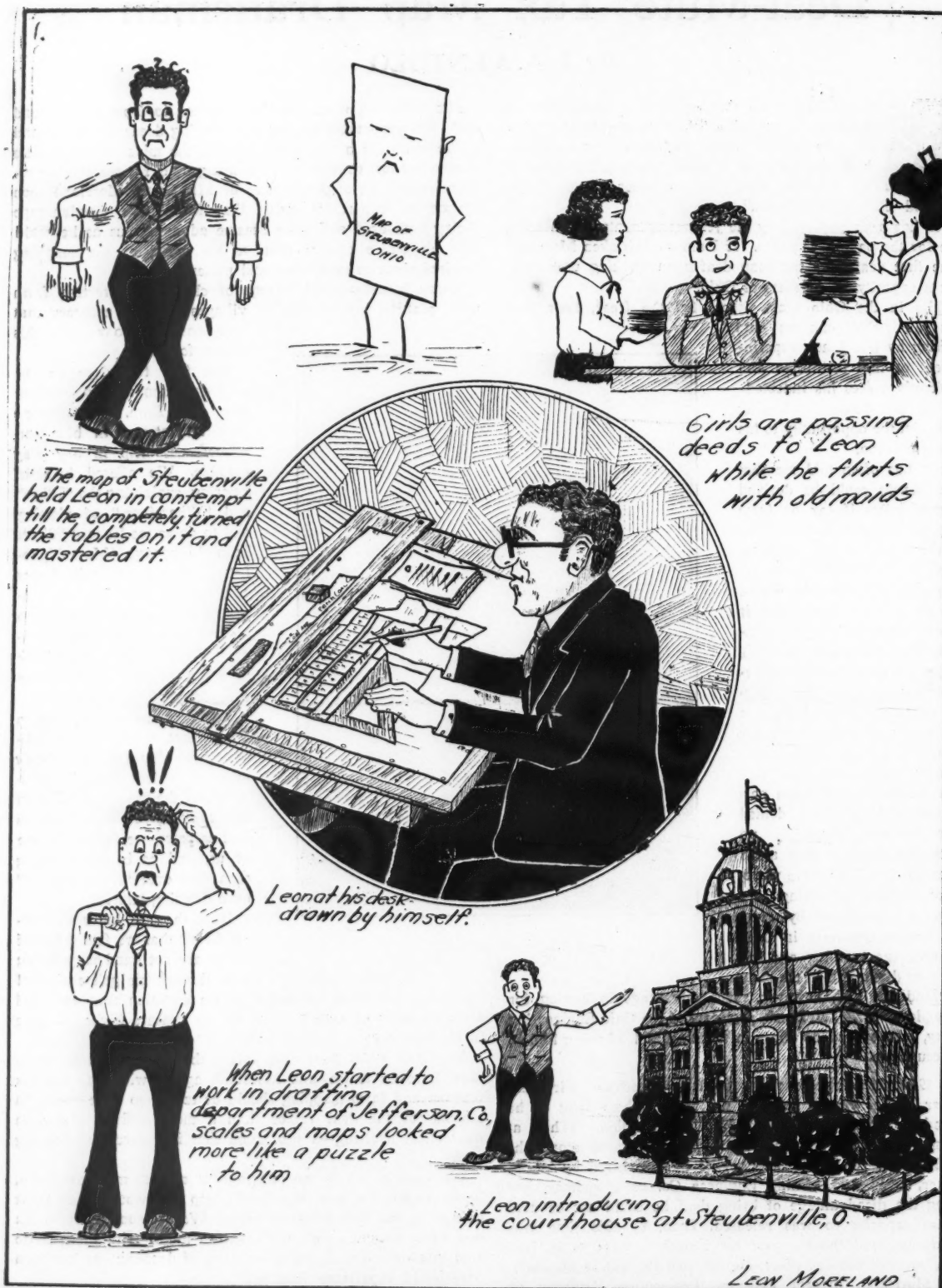
We were in search not long ago of several mute draftmen, being certain that with Moreland's help they would be of great help to us, but none could be found. We are confident that tax and farm mapping can be taught to mutes with much more ease and success than any other form of drafting—as has been Moreland's experience with us.



LEON MORELAND

Music Teacher: "What is your impression of harmony?"

Smart Student: "A freckled-faced girl in a polka dot dress, leading a coach dog."



## FOR AN IDLE HOUR

By J. F. BRADY

## NEWSPAPERS AND THE DEAF



IT IS well-known that when the deaf figure in true news they are misrepresented, cheapened, slandered, lied about, with the result that the public receives a wrong slant concerning them. It either happens because of a perverted sense of humor on the part of the reporter or he has a preconceived idea that we are "foreigners" and we must be treated as such. We are always good for "news."

It was worse in the past, but I noticed that the exaggerations are being toned down somewhat. It may be because the people are getting used to us on account of our growing numbers. As the population anywhere increases the number of deaf grows in proportion and as the years roll by there are more and more intelligent deaf who take it upon themselves to help the less fortunate to a better status in the eyes of others, though the general run of the deaf is no different from the hearing—individual for individual all things considered.

When it comes to an interview between a reporter and a public man, or big manufacturer, and the deaf are touched upon we are given commendation as in the cases of Roosevelt—may he rest in peace—and Henry Ford, to mention only two. It would have been a good thing if I collected sayings of great men concerning the deaf, in their biographies, but I never expected to share them with others through this or other magazines and I have lost track of them.

It was with pleasure that I came across the following clipping from a Philadelphia newspaper:

## INFORMATION AGENT PREFERS DEAF-MUTES

Foreigners and deaf-mutes are the most intelligent people that I have to deal with," was the statement recently made by John C. Wambold, information agent at the Reading Terminal.

"It is some times rather difficult to make a foreigner understand, but once the information is made clear, I have no further trouble. As for the deaf-mutes, I write out the instructions on a pad, they glance at them, and then do not bother me any more.

"The really intelligent are the real trouble-makers" as far as my observation goes. They are so sure that they are right and that the rest of the world is wrong, that it is at times very difficult to persuade them that they are really mistaken.

## CLOCK WRONG HE INSISTED

"This attitude is some times carried to laughable extremes. One day, for instance, one very pompous looking gentleman rushed up to the information desk and informed the agent that the large electrically-controlled clock in the terminal shed was wrong, fifteen minutes slow, to be exact. In spite of all protestations to the contrary, the man persisted in his stand that the clock was wrong and that his watch was right.

"It is that sort of thing that makes a nervous wreck out of an information clerk," said Wambold. "If I really absorbed all of that, I would be a mental and physical wreck in a few days, but it simply passes in one ear and out of the other."

The capacity for asking foolish questions is about evenly divided between the sexes, but an excited woman can ask more foolish questions than any man under any conditions, according to Wambold.

"I recall one incident with regard to the question of daylight and standard time, which is the most confusing problem with which we have to deal. A train left for Wilkes-Barre at 5:56, and I made it clear to the woman that the train left at 5:56 Standard Time and 6:56 Daylight-saving Time. I was almost certain that she would become confused in spite of my lengthy explanation and sure enough, promptly at 6:56 Standard Time, she showed up in the desk, very angry and very much excited. The calling-down which she gave me was both vociferous and lengthy. She did not realize that almost every one within hearing was laughing at her.

## VARIETY OF QUESTIONS

The questions asked of an information clerk have a tremendous variety, ranging from information concerning doctors,

street cars, theatres, and the best way to silence crying babies to complete information on the sailing dates of ships from New York and the exact location of the Metropolitan Art Museum.

"I think that about the only time when I really lost my temper was when a woman elbowed her way through a large crowd which surrounded the information desk and asked me in a rather abrupt tone where the best hotel was in New York City and what the rates were. I almost swore, but the people around the desk laughed, and that enabled me to keep my temper within respectable bounds at least. The woman was much disgruntled and, in fact, surprised that I was unable to give her the desired information, and threatened to report me to the company for discourtesy and incompetency."

## SOLOMON AND JOB NEEDED

A mixture of Solomon and Job, with just a touch of Ananias thrown in," was the agent's prescription for the perfect information clerk. "At times I have a tremendous disrespect for the general intelligence of humanity, because the brand that is displayed at a railroad terminal is so pitiful," sighed Wambold.

"The best one that was ever pulled on me?" he queried, "Well, this is not exactly a stupid question, but the incident struck me as so absolutely funny at the time that I still remember it, although it happened some time ago.

"A sailor wanted to go to some small town in the Middle West. He seemed like a rather sullen chap, but I made out an extensive expense and time route for him, indicating changes and other information that he would need. After I had completed the schedule, I handed it to him, and just as he was leaving he asked me whether I smoked.

"Oh, that's all right; glad to oblige," I said, but his comeback was a surprise.

"I just wondered if you had a cigarette," the sailor grunted, and another grunt of thanks was his only other remark as he turned away. That stands as the best that has ever been put over on me since I have been here."

## THE DEAF ARE UNGRATEFUL?

A while back I came across a hearing man who for eighteen years had labored to lift the deaf spiritually and quit them in a huff—bag and baggage, foot and cavalry—as he stated, because he came to the conclusion after all these years that the deaf are ungrateful and thoughtless.

Knowing the circumstances and the man as I did, I disagree with him. He like others wanted to boss us and dictate to us without any comeback. In other words, he wanted to mould our lives along lines of his own making and use our contributions in any way he saw fit without giving a report. We were to be children literally and in fact. It went well with some but when the discerning and independent minority had the nerve to stand for their rights and talk about them our ex-friend exploded and decamped.

People who think they have a duty to look after our welfare soon learn that human nature is the same in the deaf and the hearing and as soon as they take it upon themselves to let loose their sub-conscious yearning to boss us in the same manner our parents and teachers did, they get a surprise and shout that we are ungrateful.

The deaf are not grateful to anybody who does not work in harmony and sympathy with them. Who would be, anyway?

It is a question of tact and diplomacy to manage a crowd—deaf or hearing.

There are many hearing people the deaf are grateful to and they so express themselves. There are teachers who have taught for years and years and the many graduates who have been their pupils have grateful remembrances of many things they did in and out of the class-rooms.

Come to think of it, do the deaf need outsiders to look after their temporal and spiritual welfare? If a deaf person



has a good job and three square meals a day he is grateful and if any one tries to help him without seeming to destroy his individuality he is grateful.

If a person is paid a salary to look after our "welfare" why should we be grateful? It should be on the other foot, the other party giving thanks that we are an excuse for him to get paid in money, the thanks and appreciation are secondary.

If any one hands me a certified check telling me to forget the poorhouse and to do with it as I pleased I will be grateful. So will you! So will anybody!

After holding office in his lodge, society or club for several terms a man loses out in a future election. What does he invariably say? "The deaf are ungrateful." It is not ungratefulness, rather it is unappreciativeness and difference of opinions. And it obtains everywhere too.

#### LUCKY WE WERE NOT LIVING THEN

When a Frat enters a meeting room he must give the pass-word by finger spelling and members of hearing lodges give theirs by voice. I do not pretend to know how the idea originated but it is ancient, for one looking up Judge xii, 6 in the Bible will come upon reference to it. When Jephthah and his Gileadan hosts smashed the Ephraimites Jephthah stationed guards along the Jordan River to question all who sought to cross it and gave them as the pass-word "Shibboleth." The Ephraimites could not pronounce the *sh* and by saying "sibboleth" betrayed themselves and were killed. Later when the Sicilians rose against the French about 600 years ago and conquered them they wanted to be free from the French people altogether and suspects were shown a handful of dried peas (*ciceri*) and if they pronounced the *c* like *ch* they were Cicilians and those who pronounced the *c* like *s* they were French and they were done away with.

If we orlists had lived then we would have been a Gileadan, Ephraimite, Sicilian or French according to our notion of pronunciation even despite our brogue or Scotch burrs.

A curious Shibboleth evidently was in vogue in Philadelphia several years ago. Stephen Girard made a will to endow the now-famous Girard College and among other restrictions he forbade ministers from ever entering the doors of the college. Well, one day a man with black clothes and a white tie, looking like a preacher, which he was not, attempted to enter but was told by the guard that dominies were not allowed. The visitor declaimed. "The hell I can't!" The guard was all apologies and said: "All right, pass in." I don't know but perhaps any minister can enter the portals if he gives the correct pass-word.

In some way I heard of how a father in gauging his dissipated son's condition asked him every night to pronounce "*National Intelligencer*" and if the said *Nashal Intellencer* it was the barn for the poor wight. I hope by now the son is able to pronounce the words right, with the aid of Volstead.

#### A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED

This time this little piece will be about a "wise" gentleman who has saved and saved and is now well-off. It is how he did it and is still doing it: Every time he shaves himself he takes the price of a shave from one pocket and puts it into another. If he walks instead of rides on a trolley another manipulation of coins. If he finds or is given a newspaper he "spends" the price by putting it into the now overheavy recess. At the end of the week he desposits the accumulated savings in his bank. I suspect that every time he sees pies in a restaurant and kills off his spending devil he deposits the price in the "sub-treasury." Ben Franklin would be proud of him and pat him on the back and our friend would value the compliment at a quarter and tuck it away.

The saving of money is a necessity, but the trouble with some is that they make a vice of it and become slaves to a "system," neglecting all else, thereby losing their self respect and the respect of others by their miserliness. The middle ground is best in all things.

#### THEY SOW NOT, YET THEY REAP

By co-operation and sweating is it possible to keep anything going. Because of that we have the various associations for the deaf and they have been found a necessity and a solace.

Some will not join any undertaking, but they attend all gatherings, enjoying themselves. True they have the right to be there because they paid admission, but that is beside the point. They are deaf like the rest of us and if they have any conscience they will pay dues at least to several worth-while associations.

One such never misses a social, yet he stated to me that the deaf are "peculiar" and he had no intention of becoming member of any association. I asked him how it happened that there were gatherings of deaf at which he liked to be present who made them possible, and if every one decided as he did, to let George do it, what would be the result. He answered back, "I am free, white and twenty-one and can do as I please." So there I was.

I do not believe that every deaf person must belong to an association of the deaf because he cannot hear and he owes it to himself and to society to do so. I do consider it unfair and unsportsmanlike to enjoy the fruit of others' labors, that is, leaving it to others to do the "dirty" work and enjoying one's self at the expense of others. One may be so fortunate as to enjoy life without the deaf people and it would be ridiculous to expect him to support their affairs. I have no quarrel with such as he.

The other parties are cheap skates, to say the least. They are lilies of the field—they sow not but they reap.

#### WORSE AND WORSE

"How yo' feel'n's now, Sam?" questioned his wife, entering the hospital ward nervously.

"Liza, I'se a sick man," moaned the patient. De doctors says I'se got berkolosis."

"Dat's all right, Sam; we'll take keer of yo' an' get rid of dat berkolosis."

The following day, however, when his wife returned, Sam was more dejected than ever.

"Tain't no use, Liza; no use. I ain't never gwine to get well. De doctors say dis heah mornin' I got two berkolosis."



MR. AND MRS. VERNAL GLOVER, OF GREENVILLE, S.C. married June 10, 1923. Mrs. Glover before her marriage was Miss A. Meadows of Knoxville, Tenn. Because of her sweet disposition and attractiveness she is fast becoming popular with new friends in South Carolina. Mr. Glover is Secretary of the South Carolina Association of the Deaf.

# Does it Pay to Go to Gallaudet College?

By J.A. SULLIVAN



WHEN SUMMER is departing and closely on its heels Autumn is appearing, boys and girls from the farms, villages and cities in different parts of this country are showing up on Kendall Green one of the most attractive spots in Washington with its beautiful grounds and imposing college buildings. Drawn by the irresistible longing for more knowledge these boys and girls have come from near and far to take advantage of the educational opportunities offered by Gallaudet College. To some who had long cherished ambition to come to college the sight of the ivy covered tower rising above the trees and the looming up of College Hall, Chapel Hall, and Fowler Hall, as they drew nearer and nearer, convinced them that their dearest wishes were becoming a reality. Kendall Green, very quiet during the summer time now became a scene of great activity. Old friends were glad to see each other again; new ones were introduced, every one was happy and gay, such are the spontaneous joys of youth. In a few hours books were opened once more and the starting of another college year had begun.

As an institution of learning Gallaudet may be said to be unique in that it is the only college for the deaf in the world. And it is to that college a never ending procession of boys and girls are coming every year, which may prompt one to inquire what attracts them to that institution. The reasons are many, but it is a well known fact that those who were fortunate to have been born in wealthy families are sent to college. It is, also, known that many kind-hearted parents make sacrifices to send their children to college because they believe in it as a necessary preparation for life. The writer remembers having during his college days asked some of the students what prompted them to come to college and he remembers some of the answers that were given. Some of them said that they were not satisfied with their limited command of language and they hoped the advanced instruction would help them to improve. The scholarly looking ones with the tortoise shell glasses, whom we like to accuse of sleeping with a book

under their pillows, confided that they came hoping to lead their class in every study. The ones who were thinking more of the future than the present said that they came to study chemistry or agriculture. The husky ones admitted they came to play football and they did not care if everybody in the world knew it. Still there were others who betrayed the fact by the way they acted in the school rooms that they came to have a good time. Therefore, it may be inferred that of the various reasons which prompted the boys and girls to come to college, the glamour of college life seems to take a leading part.

Before the college year is over those who came with no other thought than to play football, or to have a good time, usually learn to their sorrow that unless they show more interest in their studies their existence in college are sure to be short-lived. For, like all colleges, Gallaudet has its examinations, which determines who are the ones to remain in college. Those who fail to attain a certain grade in their work are sure to be hurried out in the world without any ceremony.

The visitor, who comes to Kendall Green expecting to find liberal education without attempting to do the work of a technical school on one hand or that of a university on the other. As most of the schools are unable to prepare their students for admission to the freshmen class, Gallaudet has a preparatory class which usually has a very large class and is understood to be in a large degree probationary. The course of instruction in the college embraces courses in (1) Languages, ancient and modern; (2) Mathematics; (3) History; (4) Natural Science; (5) Philosophy and Political Science; and (6) Vocational Work. Some of the general vocational courses include instruction in Business Methods, Agriculture, Typewriting, Printing, Library Science and Domestic Science. The degrees, either of Bachelor of Arts or Science, are conferred on those who have fulfilled the necessary requirements.

The visitor who comes to Kendall Green expecting to find everything tranquil, is sure to find plenty of unexpected but pleasant surprises. On the campus he would see a group



GROUP OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE STUDENTS, JUNE 20, 1889  
Photograph loaned by courtesy of W. W. Beadell

of students, some are discussing the questions of the day while others would be seen on the benches studying and glancing from time to time up to the clock on the tower to be sure that they would not be late for their recitations. Those who had nothing to do in particular would be seen gazing dreamily in the direction of Fowler Hall. Following them into the school rooms he would see these students watching an instructor attentively while he is discussing the Solar System or the Binomial Theorem. Peeping into the library he would see boys and girls pouring over books with great interest, which gives him the impression that they are reading books on Poetry and Romance. Really some of them are looking thru the encyclopaedias for material so when they go into the school rooms they are sure to bombard the professors with



GALLAUDET COLLEGE CLASS '91, FALL TERM '83  
Left to right—Round, Wis.; Himrod, Pa.; Wilson, N. Y.; Williams, Conn.;  
Wardeman, D. C.; Neillie, Pa.; Bealdell, N. J.; Kaufman, Mich.

bewildering questions. Then going out to the Laboratory building he would see boys in their shirt sleeves concentrating on chemical analysis and their minds are dead to other things in the world for the time being. Upstairs in the Art Room, surrounded by busts of great Greek and Roman Scholars and Scientists, he would see several students copying them with graceful movements on paper and he would, also, see some born artists sketching landscapes, sail boats sailing serenely by on the blue waters with a blue sky overhead. Out on the farm he would see a group of boys dressed in overalls and wearing Mexican sombreros gathered around the professor of Agriculture who is teaching them how to become wizards in raising big potatoes which are sure to win all the prizes at the fairs, and he is, also, teaching them how to tempt the cows to give plenty of milk. On the Athletic field he would see the football team moving up and down the gridiron with unerring precision like a smooth working machine and he would be amazed to be told that Gallaudet had a chronic habit of astounding the sporting editors by walloping teams twice its size. Then lingering around after the sun had gone down, and were he lucky to be on hand at the right date, he would see the Gymnasium Hall beautifully decorated with ferns, flags and pennants. Handsome young men in whose hearts chivalry reigns supreme would be seen escorting blushing maidens, some are blonde with their blue eyes and golden hair and others are the brunettes with their brown eyes glistening, and then they are soon whirling and whirling on the glass-like floor to the tune of the orchestra. The evening is thus spent merrily, every one radiates laughter and happiness until the chaperones push the crowd out gently but forcefully into the cool air where they leave with the memories of that pleasant evening lingering in their minds. Thus the visitor leaves Kendall Green wondering and wondering with all what he had seen.

That is the kind of life the boys and girls lead throughout their college years. Because of the small number of students, which seldom exceeds more than one hundred and twenty-five,

they come to know each other intimately and life friendships are formed. Of different creeds, rich or poor they mingle freely, and it would not cause any surprise to see a banker's son rooming with a farmer's son whose father is struggling to make both ends meet on one acre. The poorest boy can become the football captain or the editor of the College magazine, if he shows the necessary qualifications, Snobbery or the forming of cliques are unknown. Gallaudet is, therefore, a thorough democratic institution. Like most of the colleges Gallaudet has its customs and traditions which the students guard jealously and observe them faithfully year after year. Pages could be written of the warm and cordial relations between the students and the professors and many of the students would not hesitate to take them in their confidence and consult them on matters like they would a father.

Finally comes commencement week when the seniors hoist their class colors on the flag mast on the top of the ivy-covered tower to show the world that for once in their life time they are going to celebrate their remaining few days in college in their own way. Were they so fortunate to be favored with a bright summer day in June they would hold their class exercises on the campus under shady trees. Then wearing their caps and gowns some of them would deliver the Class History, its prophecy, read the class poem and finally read the terms of the class will leaving many tokens of remembrances to those who came in their favor. On the last day the College Chapel is filled to overflowing with relatives and friends of the seniors and with many people who are prominent in the official circles of Washington. It is a very impressive moment when the seniors one by one mount the platform to receive their degrees from the president in the presence of a dignified and scholarly assemblage. To the fathers and mothers who have watched with great interest their boys' and girls' careers it is an occasion of unconcealed pride that they have been able to graduate with honor and distinction. It is also comforting to know that though they are to fight their life's battles handicapped they have been able to secure a good education which will help them to face what comes with a heart of courage. In the evening the student body gives a dance, "The Senior Promenade," which lasts from eight o'clock till one o'clock in the morning and which is a brilliant affair. In the morning the seniors pack their trunks for the last time, bid farewell to their friends and then casting a lingering and affectionate look behind, they depart to enter the strife of life.

So quietly has the college been performing its silent mission of educating these boys and girls for nearly three score years that it is but natural for some individuals who are not connected with the college in one way or another to have their curiosity aroused enough to ask, "What of the future of the boys and girls who are graduating from Gallaudet every year? What becomes of them? What is their share in the work of the nation?"

To give that desired information the writer will now turn to his table of statistics which he has prepared with no little labor. According to the latest catalogue the number of students who have entered Gallaudet since it was founded in 1864, has reached a total number of 1,447. Out of that number only 469 have graduated out of which 418 are now still living. To attempt to give statistics of all the classes would be a laborious task, so the writer will start with the class of 1913 and end with the class of 1922. The class of 1923 is not included in the list for the simple reason that they are still infants in the business world and what they are doing now they will probably not be doing next year. The classes (1913-1922) were graduated with 71 men and 47 women.

Out of the 47 women 3 have since died, 27 are married, 3 are working in the Hispanic society of New York City, 7 are teachers, 1 is a librarian and instructor of Mathematics



at the college, 1 is in the civil service. Of the remaining six, some of them are staying at home while others must be doing some kind of work which the writer has been unable to ascertain. It can be seen at a glance that though the women may teach or do any kind of work for a while their ultimate goal is marriage. Of these 27 married women, only 5 of them married non-Gallaudet men. Before marriage 16 of them were teachers.

Only one man out of the 71 has since passed into eternity, 39 have led blushing brides to the altar where they were united in one and when they came out they were almost buried under an avalanche of rice and confetti. Subtract 39 from 70 and that means 31 men are still roaming all over this country at large declining to succumb to the charms of women; 13 are teachers, among them two are instructors at the college, one is an assistant professor of Mathematics, and the other is an assistant in chemistry and Mathematics. Besides teaching 8 of them are Physical Directors, 6 are instructors in printing—3 of them were trained for that work at the New Jersey school, 4 are linotype operators and 2 are monotype operators, 3 are printers, 5 are chemists, 1 is a bacteriologist for the Canadian government, 3 are in the Civil Service, 1 is a departmental clerk, the second is making greenbacks for Uncle Sam in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the third is a chemist in the Department of Chemistry (not included in the list of 5 chemists as outlined above), 6 are working in the Goodyear factory while 3 are at Firestone, 1 is a principal of a school in Maryland, 1 is working in a bank, 1 owns a garage, 1 is a Divinity student, 1 is an ordained minister, 1 is a supervisor of boys and an assistant coach, 4 have entered their father's business, 1 is an instructor in drawing (rough drawing and oil painting included), 2 are farmers, 7 are working in different factories. The remaining number have buried themselves in the valleys, forests and on top of mountains, so the writer has been unable to find what kind of work they are doing now to satisfy the curiosity of the readers.

Some of these graduates have taken up post-graduate work in universities. The ones they have entered are Carnegie Technical Institute, Yale, New York, John Hopkins, McGill, George Washington and the University of California. From each of the last three named universities three men have received the degree of Master of Science in Chemistry. Only recently one of the graduates graduated from a prominent Theological Seminary in Virginia with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, *cum laude*. It is worth mentioning that a member of the class of 1923 is now studying advanced chemistry at Columbia University.

As to the earning power of the men graduates, the writer's efforts to find the exact amount on the pay envelopes of a good many is a beautiful dream that is yet to be realized. However, the writer remembers having met a chemist a year ago who has been out of college only four years who confided that his salary was \$2,160 a year. Another chemist out of college longer was getting only \$1,800. One of the linotype operators said that his wages averaged \$2,500 a year. As to the amount of teachers salaries it varies according to different locations and how the schools are ably supported by the state. However, the conservative estimate would place them between \$1,500 and \$2,000 a year. The ones who are Physical Directors besides teachers certainly do get more. As to the nine graduates working in the rubber factories at Akron, at Goodyear one is a factory clerk and the remaining five are on the Flying Squadron. At Firestone 1 is a tire builder and the remaining two are tire-finishers. Their work is highly skilled labor which requires brains as well as brawn, and they are earning more than their college mates who are teaching or who are engaged in the clerical occupations. It is apparent that outside the professions of teaching and chemistry the college men prefer to follow the printer's trade in preference

to other trades, which proves beyond a reasonable doubt that it has been and will always be best suited to the deaf.

At this time of writing the writer is not overlooking the many men and women who never went to Gallaudet, or any other college, who nevertheless have arose to commanding positions in the business world on their own merits. Many of these may be said to have been born with intellectual gifts and with the qualities of leadership. They have done much reading since they left school and their knowledge of the world naturally is so varied that it is always a great pleasure to be in their company.

What about Gallaudet's future? One thing is certain and it is this: As an institution of learning Gallaudet has so ably demonstrated by the kind of work her graduates are doing that she has a noble mission to perform. Many students who have entered her halls of learning are now scattered all over this country doing some kind of work where they are happy and useful. Gallaudet has brought happiness into the lives of many men and women in the past, is still doing it now and will continue to do so for many years more to come. Gone to regions beyond recall are several of the professors who have spent many years of usefulness on Kendall Green, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet the founder, a great man of broad vision and profound learning; Doctors E. A. Fay, Hotchkiss, Draper, Chikering, and others, and in their places have stepped an able president and a corps of young instructors who have dedicated their lives to carry on the good work.

Should Gallaudet ever be in danger of having her usefulness as an institution of learning be discontinued by Congress, on which she depends largely for her support all over this broad land, there will be the host of Alumni rallying to her side. The feelings the Alumni have for their Alma Mater is better illustrated by a speech delivered by Daniel Webster when Dartmouth College, his Alma Mater, was in danger of having its charter revoked by its trustees. The case was argued before the United States Supreme court. Glancing at the hostile trustees before him and then facing Chief Justice Marshall and his associates he hurled his challenge which was destined to be famous, "This, Sir, is my case. It is the case not merely of that humble institution, it is a case of every college in the land.

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another all those greater lights of science which for more than a century have thrown their radiance over our land. It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college and yet there are those who love it."

Yes, gentle readers, Gallaudet is a small college and yet there are many who love it.

#### THE BOY AND THE PIG

"See my fine hog; said a small undersized, undernourished boy to some visitors at the state fair. "He got first prize and my daddy is very proud of him. He weighs 310 lbs. and is only six months old." A doctor was in the crowd and heard the boy. He looked at the hog and then at the boy.

"Son," said the doctor, "why are you so small and thin while the pig is so large and fat? Do you drink lots of milk?" "Nope," said the boy, "I drink no milk." "Why not," asked the doctor.

"Cause daddy gives it all to the pigs."

Wife: "How did you get that puncture?"

Hubby: "Ran over a bottle."

Wife: "Didn't you see it?"

Hubby: "No; it was in the kid's pocket."

# Concerning Banquets

By J. H. MUELLER



BE perfectly frank, banquets hold no terrors for me. On the contrary, I am decidedly fond of them. Years of menus, reading fashion notes, donning and doffing my "monkey suit," and listen to after dinner speeches, have so inured me to the excitement attending these gastronomic jubilees that I take invitations to be "among those present" as a matter of course. And before I go any further, let me assure whoever may have the leisure to read this stuff that I do not share the prejudices against chicken which seem to be part of the makeup of the sage of 111 Broadway, New York City. Having been brought up on sauer kraut and spare ribs, a chicken dinner is always a welcome change, though I do not find heart to take Brother Pach to task for calling that succulent dish names. Like as not he will turn around to hide his disgust at the mention of spare ribs or pig tails.

But, as I started out to say, I dearly love a banquet. That is always to say, provided I am one of those at the festive table. Whenever I hear of a political love feast at some leading hotel, I go back in my coal shed, and there call upon my powers of imagination to make believe that I am sitting among the elect. It is just barely possible that I might be mayor of my city today had it not been for the stand that Marse Henry Watterson's paper took that it was unfair to a good fellow to wish the mayoralty upon him when he could do so much more good as sheriff. Unfortunately, there were more candidates for that particular job than there were sheriff's chairs, so I failed to get the big star that goes with the office. And because I did not enter the lists for the mayor's job in time, I lost on both propositions. However, I firmly believe that in time I shall be elected to something higher than delegate to a N.F.S.D. convention. For authority on this subject, I refer my readers to the Life of Abraham Lincoln, wherein they will find that

Lincoln was elected president of the United States just because he failed to win a senatorship.

So you see, when I failed to land the job as mayor of Louisville, Kentucky, I also lost at least three banquets a week. Free eats, at that. Nowadays, I have to pay for every other banquet I attend. But when you strike an average, on the ones where I pay, and on the ones where I am passed, you will see I get a lot of good eats for just half price.

Everyone who has ever attended a formal dinner knows what an abomination of a lot of tools with the eats. Knives, forks, spoons to the right of us, to the left of us, in front of us, and the watchful waiters keeping us supplied whenever we try to hide some of them in order to get at the eatables with less mental mathematics as to which instrument to use—well, I will grant it is embarrassing at times. As goes my own peace of mind, I never pay much attention to those accessories. I just reach for the knife or fork or spoon which happens to be the furthest from the plate, and sail in. What matters it if the rest of the table copy my manners? Manners are nothing but standards set by the majority, and if after a banquet someone finds that Lydia Pinkham's rules of table etiquette differ from those I employed, why should I worry? The eats have been eaten, and that is the logical end of eatables. My attendance at a banquet does not imply that just because I am there I should act as *arbiter dinorum*, does it? Anyway, I always look on a banquet as a lover feast, and hair line matters of etiquette should he put in hock for the time being.

Sitting down at a banquet table has no end of allurements for me. I love to sit down and regale myself with the knowledge that I did not have to wipe my hands on a towel four times before dipping into the soup. At home, I always have to wash my hands before I am allowed to say a word. And then, my kids line up in file, and their hands are given a pretty good



ANNIVERSARY BANQUET, NASHVILLE DIVISION NO. 12, N. F. S. D. GIVEN IN SHRINERS GROTTO, McFADDEN'S RESTAURANT

scrubbing. The wife is busy with the steak or pork chops, or hamburger, or whatever the butcher has recommended for that particular day, hence I do the hand washing. Thank the Lord, foot washing is not part of the pre-dinner rites at our house. With my bay window I would find it pretty difficult doings. But when I enter a banquet hall, I know I have not had to undergo that accursed hand washing and wiping, I let the pip at the barber shop, called manicure, do that for me. And as for the kids, I leave them at home. Granny is a pretty good old scout, even if she speaks a horrible low German dialect.

And then, I like to have my fodder brought me on plates, ready for the shoveling stunt. That is one point in particular that I like about a banquet, I do not have to deal out portions to my family and just when I have filled my plate, have to serve a second portion. Nor do I feel any pangs of conscience when I rise from the table and stroll into the billiard room without having messed over the dishpan. Were there no other inducements, this latter one alone would be sufficient for me to come.

Next to eating the high class stuff that high priced chefs order low priced cooks to get up, the greatest attraction (to me) is the speeches. I do not know just how many banquets I have attended in the years that lie behind me, but they have been quite a few. And I am hoping for a few more. I am a glutton for punishment of that sort. But I do know that I have given quite a few speeches, both scheduled and impromptu. I get a lot of pleasure out of them. One time, I was at one of these affairs in a city in the East. I was a total stranger to all but the toastmaster, and for the sake of having a little fun, I begged him to pretend I was a hearing man until it was all over. Being a good pal of mine, he fell in with my suggestion, and I put on my blandest possible mien. To get a little undiluted information as to my looks and appearance,—well, I thought it was worth the game. As soon as my deaf inspectors saw that I was not of the biting kind, they let go. One young man fresh from Gallaudet swore he knew me, he had often seen me in the Congressional Halls,—yea, by the gods of Olympus, I was Victor Murdock.

All went well until I happened to see a young lady sitting opposite me tell her escort that "if that wall-eyed Swede did not know more than to spill spaghetti down his white front he ought to be pickling herring." Pretender or not, I was not going to let any spaghetti do an Argentine tango on my expansive bosom, and looked for it. Without results, of course. When I looked across the table at the young lady, I knew the jig was up. She knew it, too.

However, she was a good sport at that moment and did not expose me as would certainly have been the case had it occurred further West, say, in Ohio or Indiana. After the regular part of the evening had been done away with the toastmaster forgot his promise and asked me to step up for a few remarks. They were few, all right, for I could see in the eyes of the guests that they did not take kindly to being led around by the nose. That is to say, hostility was extant in the eyes of all excepting the young lady who flashed the phony spaghetti news. She came over all a-smiles, introduced herself, and then introduced me to the rest. Yes, the ice once broken we got along very nicely, thank you. She even gave me her address, and begged me to call the next day. Limited as was my time, I promised, for truth to tell, she was a pippin for fair, way above the average in intelligence, and I was heart and fancy free. Who was there to say me nay? I hired a taxi, and with a hefty bunch of American Beauties, set forth to press my suit. (You may take this latter anyway you please.) Arrived at the address she gave me, I found it was a Chinese laundry. Oh, the perfidy of the female of the species!

There are toastmasters, and toastmasters. I knew one who would spend so much time introducing the different speakers that the banquet committee had to pay extra for rent of hall after closing hours. There was one who got so rattled when

he started to introduce the first speaker that he began: "Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Secretary," etc. I knew there are some of my readers who will recall a certain banquet in the central West where the toastmaster got up so suddenly that he knocked a glass of water out of the hand of the waiter behind him, sending the contents thereof down the unprotected back of a lady. Some toastmasters use the same ritual year in and year out, to them it is no more in need of revision than the Lord's Prayer. I had the honor of acting as toastmaster once. Just once. Neveragain, no, nevermore. And I am not saying this because the raven did.

But say what you will, the success of a banquet depends largely upon the manner in which the toastmaster conducts his end of the game. I always look upon him in the light of the conductor of a symphony orchestra. For that master, isn't a banquet really a gastronomical symphony concert? Not very long ago, I attended a love feast where the chairman of the committee begged to be allowed to say a few words before the soup was served. Of course, I wondered what was up. Friend Wife has always called me a "cynical optimist." Guilty as charged. I am addicted to seeing things the wrong way before they happen, at the same time hoping they will not be as bad as I fear. This chairman deserves to be placed alongside of Chauncey M. Depew, Henry Watterson, Ring W. Lardner, and others who have gained fame as authors of bright sayings. "Ladies and gentlemen, owing to a city ordinance which requires a license fee of \$100 a night for music at dinner in a public place, the Cabaret Law, you know, I must beg of you that you do not gurgle too much while imbibing the soup. The local musician's union will send a man in shortly to see that we do not violate the law by indulging in a soup plate rhapsody." I am told that the colored men who served the courses have gone on record vouching that that was the first time where they served at a banquet where the soup course did not remind them of water rushing down a water spout after a heavy rain. And to think, there is nothing in this that can be pounced upon by oralists as propaganda for their cause.

The most recent banquet that I have had the good fortune of attending was that of Nashville Division, N. F. S. D., given on Saturday evening, January 19. The occasion was the Division's birthday, or something equally as important. Of course, it must needs have some one present who was big enough to play the guest of honor. The committee in charge looked around for the biggest man it could find—physically speaking. The writer was the victim. A very willing victim, at that. Here was a chance for a free dinner, a nice railroad ride, and all the gimcracks that accompany such jaunts.

The scene was McFadden's restaurant. The tables were set in "Shriners' Grotto." A positive novelty to us, we beg leave to assure the world. McFadden's is to Nashville what Sherry's is to New York, and Fritz Reuter to Washington. A place to eat, where no apologies are ever allowed for the quality of the food. Mr. McFadden is a good friend of every lodge man be he a Mason, a K. C., or a plain Frat. He agreed to serve a big five course dinner for one dollar. In these days of inflated prices, such a price seems preposterous unless there is a sacrifice in the quality. There was not in this case. The following is what was set before us:

Fruit cocktail  
Cream of tomato soup  
Roast tenderloin of beef, mushrooms  
Creamed potatoes, Peas  
Sliced tomatoes, Lettuce salad  
Olives, Celery  
French Pastry  
Coffee

Ponder over this menu, ye who were not present. We shall forgive you if you weep. One single, solitary dollar for a dinner that was perfection in every respect. We hesitate to go further



on that subject lest we be accused of fabricating. If our eyes could have deceived us, our plates could not, and that is the end of it.

There were thirty-five around the table. Tom A. Ogilvie was the man of the evening. He got the hall, the menu, the speakers, and the praise.

The speaking part of the evening was made up as follows:

Song, "Our flag," Mr. Clarence Olinger.

"1906-1924, a Retrospect?" Mr. Jesse T. Warren.

"The Aux-Frats," Mr. Walter Rossen.

"Practical Fraternity," Mr. J. H. Mueller.

Fraternal history always did appeal to us. We love to hear

of the tales of the pioneers. They were as much pathfinders as was Daniel Boone a hundred years ago, as were Clarke and Morgan, only in a different sense. Their battles to gain a foothold were bloodless, to be sure, but as nerve racking as any our forefathers endured in the days where the redskin said, "They shall not advance." They did, though, and did those pioneers of the N. F. S. D. What a shame it is that there are still some men extant who consider it a brilliant piece of work to throw a brick at those who are striving for the good of the deaf throughout the land. Ah, well, such is life.

Nashville did itself proud. The six from Louisville who made the trip at the coldest season of the year returned with praise that is weak only in the sense that it cannot be made stronger.



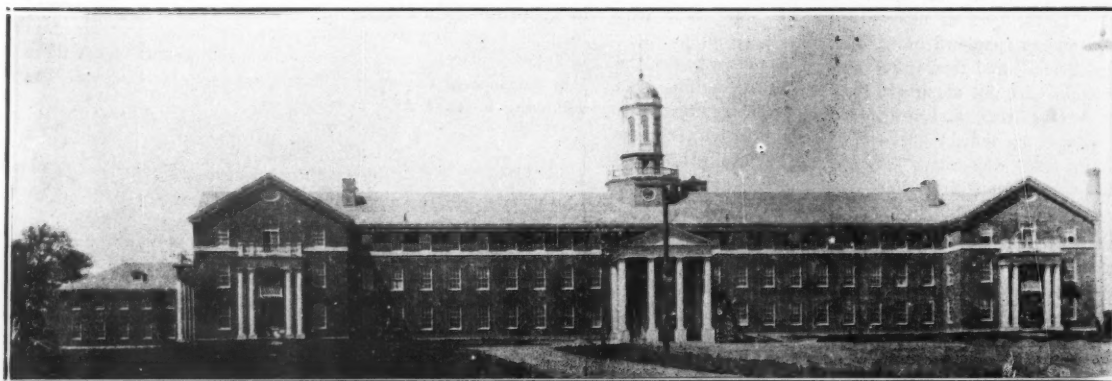
MR. AND MRS. LOUIS D. MOEGLE, THEIR SON VERNON,  
AND THEIR CAR

Mr. Moegle is president of St. Louis Division N. F. S. D.,—the youngest president the Division ever had, respected, popular, and efficient. Mr. and Mrs. (Helen Petzold) Moegle are graduates of Gallaudet School and active Communicants of St. Thomas' Mission. Mr. Moegle being a member of the Mission Committee.



C. B. COUGHLIN

Supt. Belleville (Ont., Canada) School for the Deaf, who came into prominence last June by acting as host to the convention of American Instructors of the Deaf.



MAIN BUILDING OF THE NEW HARTFORD SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, LOCATED IN THE SUBURBS

# Father and Son

By MRS. GEORGE T. SANDERS



UNIQUE an unique situation prevails at All Souls' Church for the Deaf in Philadelphia—a father and son are lay-readers in the same church and while the father is deaf, the son is not. Their likenesses, presented on this page, are familiar with most people in Philadelphia but not to very many outside, excepting clergmen who are kept in touch with the affairs of All Souls' and those who visit the city and to whom the elder man is introduced as a light shining under a bushel basket.

For many years, William Henry Lipsett has been a prominent member of All Souls' Church, the Literary Association, the Local Branch of the Penna. Society for the Advancement of the Deaf as Social Member; the greater part of his activities were perhaps connected with the affairs of the "Clerc Lit," until his appointments as Lay-Reader and Warden helped to divide his interests. He was appointed Warden of All Souls' Church by the then rector, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. James S. Reider who had held the post for a good many years. Some years previously Mr. Lipsett had been given licenses to act as lay-reader in Philadelphia, New Jersey and Delaware, so his labors were doubled, and every one can vouch for his faithful devotion to the duties of each and he is a regular hustler in whatever undertaking he has. Witness the painting the formidable interior of All Souls' Church and the Parish House with assistance of Mr. Smaltz and Messrs. Speece, Yerkes and Yondr, with occasional lifts from various others. It was a herculean job. The services of all were given voluntarily.

Now that All Souls' has an accredited pastor, The Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, Mr. Lipsett takes services only when required in the absence of Mr. Smaltz who also has charge of missions in New Jersey and Delaware, but during the absence owing to the very long illness of the former pastor, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, he filled his offices remarkably well. His sign delivery is clear and expressive and he has the knack of putting *felling* and *sincerity* into the readings of the lessons of the Prayer Book and the sermons, a quality which appeals to the congregation hungering for *bread*. Anything else slips over the heads of listeners. As a lay-reader is not permitted to prepare sermons, Mr. Lipsett was obliged to cull material for sermons from published books, so he showed remarkably good judgment in his choice of subjects.

During the years of his interest in the affairs of the deaf of Philadelphia, besides being Warden and Lay-reader, Mr. Lipsett founded the *Chronological Lyceum* at the Y. M. C. A. and the *Apollo Club* in the days of his youth, but these bodies went the way of many another organization for lack of funds;

he was clerk of the Board of Managers of All Souls' under the Rev. H. W. Syle, Jacob M. Koehler and C. Orvis Dantzer; President and Secretary of the Clerc Literary Association, so one can see that with his regular profession, he was always a very busy man.

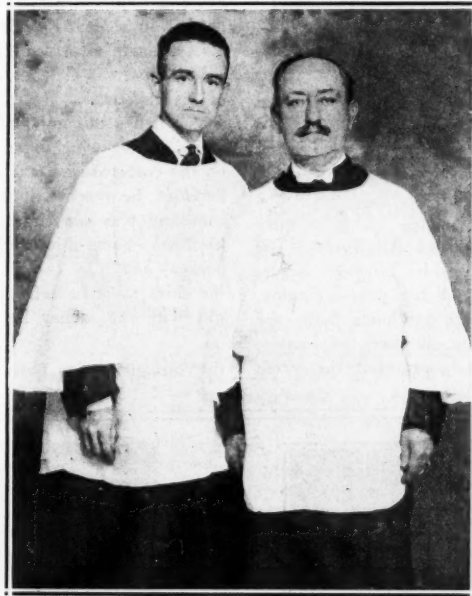
Mr. Lipsett was always an actor of no mean ability, as old-timers and many of the present generation can testify. Some of the former often express a desire for a repetition of some of the old-time dramatics, but nowadays no one seems to have even read Shakespeare. This seems to be the day of slapstick comedies, comical sometimes but not always edifying. Mr. Lipsett's strong sense of humor has made him a fine comedian—indeed one can scarcely decide in which he excels—drama or comedy. "Rip Van Winkle" and "What happened to Jones," besides certain Shakespearean plays, were the best ever given in Philadelphia.

As in Chinese fare, sweets come first—dinner last. So in this article!

Mr. Lipsett claims the 19th of July, 1861, as his natal day, so, after a little figuring, reader, can guess at his age. At the age of four, an attack of brain fever left him with the sense of hearing gone; later, at the proper age, he was entered as a pupil at the old Broad and Pine Streets Institution for the Deaf. He retained his speech in a measure, but never took up

speech-reading. In the year 1884 he entered Gallaudet College, remaining until the summer of 1888. Later in that year, November 7th, he was married to Miss Mary R. Fratt, of Norristown, Pennsylvania; they have two children, Joseph Edmund and Ruth, both fine sign-makers, having been carefully drilled by their parents. And now we come to the second half of the "Unique situation" prevailing at All Souls'. Mr. Joseph E. Lipsett has frequently given his service as interpreter for any occasion and has proven so adept at it that he was in danger of being overtaxed.

Realizing the need of help in the mission work, several lay-readers having resigned for some reason or other, Bishop Thomas J. Garland, of the Diocese of Philadelphia, gave him lay-reader's license for Philadelphia, New Jersey and Delaware. Now that Rev. Mr. Smaltz is in charge, Mr. Lipsett's services are not so frequently required, but he stands ready for call. Technical terms, foreign words, do not "faze" him—his sign delivery is so smooth and easy that his listeners feel that he does not skim over the remarks at speakers nor does he bluff as some interpreters do. He does not know that sometimes speech readers are able to follow speaking and signing simultaneously! In the present "Lenten Talks," which will be given at the All Souls' Church every week by hearing clergymen from some other churches in the city, Mr. Lipsett will in-

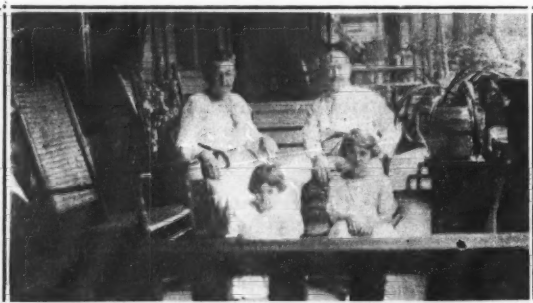


WILLIAM HENRY LIPSETT, aged 62 yrs. and JOSEPH EDMUND LIPSETT, aged 32 yrs. Lay Readers for Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey.

terpret every one. An interpreter like that is a treasure.

Joseph Lipsett is very young—only thirty-two; he is married and has two daughters and a very small son, all three of whom are in possession of all the senses. He is foreman of the matrix department of the Lanston Monotype Company. He is an expert on electrical and radio work.

Now for the feminine branch of the Lipsett family: Mrs. Lipsett has been a mate in the truest sense of the word and what more can one say of a woman? For years she has been



MR. AND MRS. WM. H. LIPSETT on their front porch. Their granddaughters, Mary and Gertrude, 8 and 5 years old. Children of Joseph E. Lipsett.

an active worker in the Pastoral Aid of All Souls'. The daughter, Ruth, is married to Mr. Alexander Simone. Before her marriage she was in great demand for public singing, as she has a fine voice, but now that she has home duties she does not appear in public so often, but she takes an interest in public affairs, lately being one of the captains in the recent

Red Cross drive. Like her brother Joseph, she is devoted to her parents. Last November 7th, the son and daughter celebrated the thirty-fifth wedding anniversary of their parents with dinner and it was *some* dinner, take it from me.

Fortune seems to have smiled on the Lipsett family of late—they are now living in their own home and with the daughter—a most attractive and up-to-date house at 1528 N. 62 Street, West Philadelphia. Perhaps the picture on this page can give an idea of how comfortably situated they are, and of how Mrs. Lipsett looks. Two of the grandchildren and Mr. Lipsett are in the picture and don't you think they look happy and quite prosperous?

A little more about the elder Lipsett: for many years, forty-two, to be accurate, he has been a scale-maker and has the record of having been absent only a few days owing to illness. The last twenty-four years he has made scales for the Fairbanks Scale Manufacturers and his expert services are frequently needed in some of Philadelphia's big institutions and in the most delicate of scales elsewhere.

Mr. Lipsett is a good *raconteur* as witness the close attention of his audiences. He relates one amusing tale of his younger days when a tall hat and frock coat were *de rigueur* for street wear. After watching a street parade and tiring of standing on the curbstone he started to walk along. Requiring a handkerchief, he reached into one of the rear pockets of the frock coat and was surprised to find several purses of money, not his own. Some thief had cached his reappings in Mr. Lipsett's pocket—and *the cache walked away!!* The sensations of the thief must be left to the imagination. What Mr. Lipsett did with the money he does not say.

"Vain glory may flower but will never bear seeds."



MISS MAXINE MORRIS

The talented Atlanta deaf girl who figured in the tragedy of East Lake when her dancing partner lost her life during the water pageant—an entertainment specially gotten up for the benefit of the visitors and delegates to the N. A. D. convention in Atlanta, Ga., last August.



FRANK ROSS GRAY

Born March 9, 1856. Died February 10, 1924.

The deceased was one of the oldest graduates of Gallaudet College, graduating in June 1878. For many years he was connected with a large optical company in Pittsburg, Pa., and was considered one of the best lens grinders in the country. He was a master of several languages and was often called upon to translate foreign languages, some of which was for the *SILENT WORKER* which he did gratuitously. The remains were taken to Barry, Ill., for burial.



## Victim of Talking Barber Wants to Start City-wide Chain of Shops Manned By Mutes

**“W**HAT do you think of this?” asked Jack Gordon, boss of the Fordham Road barber shop for men and beauty shoppe for women, passing a letter to a customer in the shop the other day. “This bird has some crust, I’ll say. Bet he’s holding down a soft political job with



*“Statistics show that 999 barbers out of 1,000 insist upon discussing every topic under the sun with their helpless victims, where the aforesaid victims are submerged to the eyes in lather.”*

nothing to do but sign the payroll. That’s usually the sort of a guy who wants to tell everybody how to run their business.”

The letter which had ruffled the usually urbane and optimistic Jack read as follows:

Dear Jack:

Say, why don’t you muzzle your barbers and let the manicurist do the verbal entertaining? Wonder if you ever tried to keep up your end of a rapid fire of conversation with a barber while he was shaving you. If so you would soon learn that the average man would much prefer to sit in silence and meditation with his eyes on the ceiling while having his facial map mowed. But statistics show that 999 barbers out of 1,000 insist upon discussing every topic under the sun with their helpless victims, while the afore-said victims are submerged to the eyes in lather.

I rushed into your tonsorial salon the other day and got into the chair of a barber, named Jim. Now Jim is all right as a barber and as I am told, some reputation as a sheik. He is also some interviewer, I’ll say.

“Nice day today, ain’t it?” he inquired pleasantly, “U-r-r-r-k!” I replied. “But it was pretty cold last night wasn’t it, sir?” “B-l-l-u-b-b,” I gurgled. Some of these here astronomy guys say this climate is getting warmer. Do you think it is?” “S-q-u-i-b-b-s-c-h,” I retorted. “Say, whadda think about this Teapot Dome affair?” “G-l-u-b-b-m-p-h.” I bubbled. “Well it only goes to show that the people have got to watch them ginks down in Washington, don’t it?” “B-l-u-r-p,” I strangled. So the conversation went on until the operation was completed.

Right here and then, Jack, a brilliant idea struck me and I’m gonna let you in on it. You and I will establish a chain of barber shops in the Bronx and other boroughs and man them with deaf and dumb barbers.

Oh, what a boon to the tired business man! At last he will be able to have his whiskers whittled off in peace and silence. No longer will he have to blow bubbles through a layer of lather trying to answer a lot of questions. Business will just naturally flow our way and it won’t be long before we will both be millionaires. I already have my eye on a good location for the second shop. It is on the Concourse. Get in on the ground floor with me and my idea and make a million, Jack. The sooner we’ll get rich.

TOM W.—

P. S.—You can just put in your shop and the ladies’ shoppe and be general manager and I’ll furnish ideas—I got the brains.

“Now, as I said before, what do you think of that bird? He really believes he has a wonderful brain and that there is not dry cells in it. In other words he cherishes the delusion that not one single cylinder in his medula oblongata is missing,” chirped Gordon with biting sarcasm.

“I sometimes wish I had a brain like that; then I, too, could think up wonderful ideas and peddle ’em around and convert ’em into cash. Knowledge is mental horsepower and m. h. p. is money.

“I tell you, brains are a great thing to a guy who has a good working set of ’em. Take this for instance. All this wise guy with the gigantic intellect puts into the partnership are a couple of quarts of brains whereas I am to contribute the cash and years of experience in the business.

“Wonder why this brainy bird didn’t go further with his ideas. He should introduce in his Deaf and Dumb barber



*“At last he will be able to have his whiskers whittled off in peace and silence. No longer will he have to blow bubbles through a layer of lather trying to answer a lot of questions.”*

shops lather of various flavors. Personally I don’t care much for the flavor of the lather used in most barber shops—it has a disagreeable taste and palls on one who has cultivated decided likes and dislikes. A variety of lather would make a hit with customers, too. We could advertise, lemon lather, vanilla lather, sarsaparilla lather, peach lather, etc. Then a customer could call for his favorite flavor and get it.

(Continued on page 317)

# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE .....Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER .....Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Advertising rates made known on application.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed. Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 36

APRIL

No. 7

## Unusual Recognition

Toronto, Ohio, Feb. 23, 1924.

Editor of Silent Worker,  
Dear Sir:

I am sending attached to this letter a small resume of a deaf-mute friend and co-worker—Leon Moreland.

Moreland, or "Silent Leon" as we call him, I think, can be used as an example of what a deaf-mute with fairly good education can do, and I furthermore believe that if you are good enough to publish the enclosed article in your "Silent Worker" that it may be an incentive for the deaf to aspire for greater ambitions. However, you may judge for yourself what Moreland did for himself.

I admire him very much for his "spunk" and have learned through him to regard deaf-mutes as ordinary men with ordinary hearing facilities.

Thanking you, I am,

Respectfully yours,  
J. A. VENTOLO, JR.,  
Chief Draftsman Eng. Dept. Co. O.

On another page in this issue will be found the "resume" referred to in the above note. It is quite unusual for a hearing person to report the accomplishments of a deaf co-worker for publication in a magazine. And what is more interesting is the fact that the praise of Leon Moreland comes to him unsolicited.

We at once wrote to Mr. Ventolo and suggested that a photograph of Mr. Moreland would make the article more interesting and within three days the photograph was in our hands, together with a cartoon by Mr. Moreland which we also reproduce.

The above citation is intended to show that there are many more deaf people just as capable and just as faithful as "Silent Leon," scattered from one end of the country to the other, but because the employers are either too busy or too indifferent to notice their accomplishments, or their worth, praise seldom extends beyond the confines of their places of employment.

For years the SILENT WORKER has been publishing the accomplishments of the deaf in various lines of employ-

ment. To go over the list already published would astonish the most skeptical, as there seems to be no limit to the field of endeavor which they have entered or can enter.

The greatest obstacle which the deaf have had to contend with in the past is prejudice. It still exists and will always exist to a certain extent, but we believe there is less prejudice now than formerly, because the public is beginning to realize that there are skilled deaf workmen just as there are skilled hearing workmen and as long as they give as efficient service they will be accorded the same fairness, which is all the deaf ask.

We believe the deaf as a class would be helped considerably if there were more hearing men as considerate as Mr. Ventolo, to whom we doff our hat as one worthy of the highest esteem for giving at least one deaf man of his acquaintance a square deal.

## New School Heads

When Elwood E. Stevenson was removed from the Superintendency of the Kansas School for the Deaf about two years ago, on what appeared to be flimsy grounds, it was predicted by many that it would not be long before he would be called to superintend some other school. This prediction has come true. Recently Mr. Stevenson was offered the position of Superintendent of the Minnesota School for the Deaf at Faribault, left vacant by the death of Dr. Tate, and it has been accepted. Mr. Stevenson will begin his duties April 1st. He is at present Principal of the Kentucky School for the Deaf. We congratulate both Mr. Stevenson and the Minnesota School and sympathize with the Kentucky School for losing one of its most valuable instructors.

It looked highly probable, from a newspaper report given on another page, that the new Superintendent of the Arkansas School at Little Rock would be a woman, but, in spite of the strong pressure which the League of Pen Women of Little Rock brought to bear on the appointing board, the appointment was given to Daniel Cloud, who had been acting principal of the school. The new incumbent is a young man, the son of deaf parents—Dr. and Mrs. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis, Mo.—and possesses all the qualifications necessary to govern a big school.

## New York City's Organizations

New York City has more organizations for the deaf than any other city in the world. Although seldom heard of it has a "Deaf Artists' Club," with a long list of active and honorary members from all parts of the world. On the 23rd of February the club held its annual dinner in Greenwich Village, at the "Pig and Whistle Inn." Greenwich Village is a section of New York City where artists, writers and thinkers work, eat, sleep and play and lead Bohemian lives. Its officers

are: Jacques Alexander, President; Miss Ruby Abrams, Vice-President; Lloyd P. Hutchinson, Secretary; Max V. Harlton, Treasurer. Board of Trustees—C. W. Fetscher, Miss A. Foussadler, Miss R. Abrams.

## The "Jewish Deaf"

*The Jewish Deaf* celebrated its ninth birthday anniversary by issuing an extra bulky February number that was something akin to a party or a banquet to which some of the leading deaf of this country were invited, with editor Kenner as host and toastmaster. Among the guests of honor were some of the SILENT WORKER's most distinguished contributors who joined the others in offering felicitations on this auspicious occasion.

Mr. Kenner is an able editor and with the assistance of a staff of able contributing editors has maintained thus far an independent magazine that is a credit to its managers.

Publishing a magazine is one thing but to get the deaf to support it is another. Editor Kenner probably saw the "writing on the wall" as did the editor of the *Volta Review* when he began to enlist the support of the hard of hearing. The latter class numbers into the millions, many thousands of whom are well-to-do and educated. With their support it is possible to build up a magazine of power with financial support sufficiently stable as to keep it going indefinitely. To expect support from the deaf as we know them is a gamble pure and simple, as many an ambitious, well meaning but misguided deaf man and woman who has attempted to publish an independent newspaper or magazine, knows by bitter experience.

## Editor Hodgson

It is a pleasure to know that Editor Hodgson of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* has so far recovered from his long illness as to be able to resume his editorial duties.

Should his health permit him to continue at his desk two years longer Mr. Hodgson will have rounded out fifty years of service to the deaf of this country and when the time comes when he feels that it is necessary to retire, he can do so with the consciousness of having given the deaf world his best service, whether as a teacher of printing or as editor of the best newspaper the deaf world ever had.

## A Correction

In our March issue we reprinted a newspaper article about the deaf of Allentown, Pa., which looked good, but towards the end of the article there was an absurd statement which we failed to notice and which should have been deleted. Referring to the Mt. Airy School it says, "On entering the school a child is first put in the oral department, and an effort is made to teach

them lip-reading and to teach them to speak. After four years they are promoted to the sign department, where the sign-language is taught."

All who are acquainted with Dr. Crouter and his methods will understand that such a serious blunder could have only happened through the ignorance of the reporter and our oversight.



PROF. ELWOOD STEVENSON  
Recently appointed Superintendent of the Minnesota School for the Deaf.

## VICTIM OF TALKING BARBER WANTS TO START CITY-WIDE CHAIN OF SHOPS MANNED BY MUTES

(Continued from page 315)

"That bird Tom W. sort of got my goat with the P. S. When I first read it I was on the point of going up in the air and considering myself deeply insulted. Then on sober second thought I said to myself:

"There now don't get hot under the collar and muss your hair. The poor sap didn't know any better."

"So I guess the poor gink is more to be pited than censured, but I confess the few added lines reflecting on my dome of thought set me sizzling. Of course, I forgive him, but I can never feel quite the same toward him. If he happens to get into my chair for a shave sometime, well—He may harbor quite a mass of brains under his hat, but he is certainly short on business tact."—*Bronx Home News*.

## Leon Chaney Says:

"My parents were deaf-mutes, but perfectly normal in every other way and possessed perfectly splendid minds. So, as a child, I learned to express every wish with my facial muscles. I could talk with my fingers before I could speak, but as I grew older, I found that it was unnecessary, as we could converse with our faces, with our eyes. Those early years of pantomime are responsible for whatever skill I have at present."



# WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

**W**ERY often convention committees select dates without regard to the days of the week on which they fall. That there is something to learn in this respect appears from a change of dates announced for the forthcoming reunion of Gallaudet College alumni—to June 20-June 25, inclusive. I am told that this change was made so as to include a Saturday and Sunday, the explanation being that in a very large number of cases graduates who have salaried or wage-earning jobs can count on Saturday and Sunday holidays in the summer months, and including these days not only reduces the number lost from work but lends a probability of large attendance as well. It is said also that the program committee of this college reunion does not plan to fill every minute, night and day, with fixed doings. Thus the reunion feature will have an opportunity to show itself in the offing.

Anent the Gallaudet College Re-union, if an outsider may be allowed to express an opinion, I think the printed strictures on making the Re-union a side feature of a National Association of the Deaf, or National Fraternal Society of the Deaf convention are all wrong and ill advised.

We deaf people have only the three organizations mentioned, and each, in its own way performs a wonderful work. It was not beneath the dignity of the National Association to hold a session at the time of the Fraternal congress at Atlanta in 1921, and 'tother way about, it was eminently proper for one night to be given over to the N. F. S. D., during the N. A. D. convention held down there last summer. Beginning at Colorado Springs in 1910, each triennial of the N. A. D. has witnessed a gathering of the "Frat" clans as a part of the proceedings. These affairs rightly dove-tail. At most all the conventions for years past a meeting of the Gallaudet Alumni and generally a college banquet has given added piquancy to the meetings. Now more than a quarter of a century after, three things stand out clearest to me concerning the St. Paul convention of 1898, and in order, they are the college banquet at one of the hotels, the visit to Minnehaha Falls, and the trip on Lake Minnetonka, and I hope to enjoy a repetition of all three of these at St. Paul next July.

Another reason why connecting up Gallaudet College gathering with one of the other big affairs of the deaf is proper, is in that any big affair of the deaf will always have a time and place that will insure the presence of fully a hundred Gallaudet graduates featuring actively while still more others feature passively, in a manner of speaking. The deaf have but one college for the whole forty-eight states of the Union, where the hearing have, literally, hundreds. Students at Princeton, for instance, will average up, largely, Jersey-men, a great many having come from homes less than two hours ride from the University, then there will be a few from near by states, and only a negligible few from very distant states. At Gallaudet students come long distances, even making sacrifices to pay their railway fares, so frequent, or any, return to Kendall Green is often impossible. Most col-

leges have their re-union by classes, and at Commencement one will find last year's seniors are back in large numbers, and those who have been out five, ten, fifteen and twenty-five years have their re-unions, and it is not unusual for a great many to be present at the quarter century gatherings who have not met since their graduation.

Then again, a preponderance of hearing college graduates go into the learned professions, and become prosperous to an extent almost impossible to any other than college graduates, and all these features emphasize the disadvantage Gallaudet's deaf graduates have to contend with, so I cannot see that it is belittling the collegian to have a reunion planned at a time and place that insure the presence of fully a hundred of his fellow alumni, who furnish a substantial start for a foregathering of the fortunate among us who have been blessed and benefited by a college education.

It's a mystery now. Perhaps it will forever remain one. A young colored man called on me the other day and presented his card, which I am handing down to posterity. It read:

Morningside 7576

GEORGE WASHINGTON GILES

President I. C. D. M. Assn.

I Interpret Commission Deaf Mutes Association

ROBERT HAWHENS  
Sec'y

144 W. 128th Street  
New York City

After fifteen minutes talk, at a time when I was very busy, I had not been able to glean why the gentleman had honored me with a visit, but concluded he was after publicity for his profession, which, as the card so plainly sets forth is "Interpreting Commission for Deaf-Mutes," and as I hadn't any commissions in that particular line, I gave him the address of Mr. E. A. Hodgson, in writing, and when he read it he told me that Mr. Hodgson had unloaded him on me. I fixed an hour when he might come again, but he did not keep the appointment, so I guess he must have met John T. King meantime, and, of course that let me out.

It is most gratifying to his many friends to see Mr. Elwood A. Stevenson again the head of a great school for the deaf and his equipment and experience are more valuable than ever. To have served under such sterling educators as Messrs. Currier and Gardner, and Principal under Mr. Rogers, together with his experience as head of the Kansas School enables Mr. Stevenson to take to his new sphere of activity in Minnesota a rich fund of knowledge that is as valuable as it is unusual.

For "fool breaks" you have to hand it to the cub reporter, and then there is a regret that it cannot be handed to him literally, after he has made fools of a lot of deaf people. The very latest, but not the last you may be very sure, writes of people who are in most every respect normal, and just like

their neighbors except in that they cannot hear, writes a story about them of a kind with the stuff reporters write about the freaks in the circus. In this latest exhibition of jackassity the public is told that when deaf people go from home they take an interpreter with them, which is to laugh.

The greatest and the most travelled of the present day interviewers is assuredly Mr. Isaac F. Marcossou, and as he has a bright deaf brother who is a college graduate and a teacher, Mr. Marcossou ought to know that there is no such thing as a deaf and dumb asylum, at least not in these United States, and after Brother Max meets Brother Ike, (and I happen to have the pleasure of knowing them both). I feel sure that "I.F." won't mention any such thing again to the millions who read the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The ideal conditions under which any parents raise children, and more especially when this joy falls to deaf people, require a home devoid of outsiders, and that includes most any sort of a relative. More than once I have visited in homes where the parents were wholesomely good, and well educated deaf people, and there was present one person whose presence boded no good for the parents, for the reason that having a hearing aunt, or cousin, or what not, living with them, the children did not learn the language of their parents, so that as they grew up they leaned more and more on the outsider till finally the outsider was ruler of the children's destinies; received all their confidences, few of which were transmitted to the parents, thus breaking down their authority, and alienating almost all that parenthood ordinarily brings about. In one case the heart-eating and heart-breaking it brought about was one of the most

pitiful things I have ever met with. In another case neither of the children could communicate with their parents, and when the interloper had left it was too late, for by that time they were grown up and soon the family ties were sundered, and when the two girls were married the parents were almost strangers to them. Perhaps it is possible to achieve ideal conditions under the circumstances stated, but I have my doubts. Where children know no other authority than father and mother, though the parents are unable to speak or hear, the children will adapt themselves to the situation and grow up loving and honoring their parents, as parents should be loved and honored, and at the same time they will be able to use the same methods of communication that their parents do, and in some cases with more grace even than the parents, for in one way or another they polish up their signs because having their five senses complete, they can acquire a facility, and ability to accentuate that the parents lack. They are triple blessings to the parents, and assist in entertaining the friends of the parents; to such an extent, and with such charm, that their homes become literal palaces of joy, instead of that other, and in some aspects horrible, state that sees the children abashed and ashamed in the presence of their own father and mother when they have become used to having an outsider for their mentor, and the parents naturally enough ask for what is being given to one not entitled to it. In my own experience I have seen family conditions that savored of the hallowed where loving and dutiful children have, by their tact and their love, made their home heaven for the deaf parents, but this is almost impossible if an interloper, no matter who it is, comes between parent and child, though a possible exception is a good mother-in-law, and there are many of them.



WASHINGTON HOUSTON

Washington Houston was born in New York and graduated from Fanwood Institution for the Deaf in 1864 when he was twenty-one years old. After his graduation Washington left for Philadelphia in 1865 to settle down. He married Miss Hannah E. French in 1875, and they were happy in married life until his wife passed away on Feb. 27, 1920. She is survived by her widower and one daughter who is now married. He has been a resident of Frankford for 51 years. He was retired on pension after 28 years, service at the Disston Saw Co. He is a member of All Souls' Church and always attended the service. He belongs to Clerc Literary Association, Pennsylvania Society for Advancement of the Deaf, and also is a social member of N. F. S. D. Division No. 30. He is still active at the age of 77, and resides with his married daughter. He has one grandchild.

Teacher: "I'm surprised at you, Sammy Wicks, that you cannot tell me when Christopher Columbus discovered America! What does the chapter heading of the week's lesson read?"

Sammy: "Columbus, 1492."

Teacher: "Well, isn't that plain enough? Did you never see it before?"

Sammy: "Yes'm; but I always thought it was his telephone number."—*The Boys' Magazine*.

Miss Anna Jarvis started "Mother's day;" a bachelor invented the safety pin, and we dare say that some of our college yells were conceived by deaf-mutes. A little old world full of incongruities.—*Buffalo Evening News*.



Photo by Proud Papa.

HUNTER PARKER, SON OF MR. AND MRS. ANDREW PARKER, a popular deaf couple of Washington. As you will see by the cake he has just attained the dignity and responsibility of his first milestone. As the picture was taken on February 14 he is a real Valentine. Baby. Can he hear? He sure can.

## Difficulties of Ours III.



*Certain people insist that our sign-language "ain't useful." May this prove to the contrary, and convince those people that they don't know what they are talking about.*

## Teacher of Deaf Claimed By Death

MISS IDA MONTGOMERY DIES AFTER SHORT ILLNESS  
AT AGE OF EIGHTY-FOUR—RITES AT  
KENDALL GREEN

Miss Ida Montgomery, eighty-four years old, a teacher in the New York Institution for the Deaf for forty years and a resident of Washington for the last twenty-five years, died at her residence, 1801—16th Street Northwest, following an illness of a few days.

Funeral services were held at the chapel of Gallaudet College, Kendall Green, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. Thomas Shearman officiated.

The pall bearers were Dr. Percival Hall, President of Gallaudet College, Prof. H. D. Day, Prof. H. E. Drake both of the College, Dr. H. Donnally, Mr. W. A. Slade, and Mr. John C. Spencer nephew of Representative Raker.

A special feature of the services was the signing of the hymn "Just as I am," in the sign language, by Miss Emma Sandberg, a student at Gallaudet, who was taught the hymn by Miss Montgomery.

The whole funeral services was interpreted into the sign language by Dr. Charles R. Ely, vice-president of the college. Interment will be at Miss Montgomery's summer home, at Nantucket, Mass.

Miss Montgomery at the age of ten years had entirely lost her hearing and had almost lost the faculty of speech, consequently she attended the New York Institute for the Deaf. Upon graduation she enlisted in the service to teach others who had been afflicted with the same handicap that she had known.

While Miss Montgomery was teaching at the institute Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet was then principal. He in turn had succeeded his father, Dr. Harvey Peet, as principal. Miss Montgomery and Miss Elizabeth Peet, now a member of the faculty of Gallaudet College, became intimate friends. The latter was the daughter of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet. Conse-

quently when Miss Montgomery retired about twenty-five years ago, she came to Washington to live with Miss Peet at her residence at 1801—16th Street, and while with Miss Peet she made many friends with the students at Gallaudet, where she often visited. Miss Montgomery was the aunt of Mrs. Iva S. Raker, wife of Representative Raker of California.—*Washington Star.*

## DEATHS

On February 9th, 1924, at his home in Ridgewood Park, N. J., Thomas Tighe, aged 66, from acute pneumonia.

On February 10th, 1924, at his residence in Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. Frank R. Gray, aged 68 years.

February 19, 1924, Mrs. S. C. Howard, of pneumonia.

February 27, 1924, at Philadelphia, Pa., Miss Elizabeth Laird, aged 64, from debility and tumor on knee.

March 16, 1924, at New York City, Thomas Collins, aged 8 days, from hemorrhage.

## MARRIAGES

October 21, 1923, at Philadelphia, Pa., Morris Goldberg to Annie Buten.

On February 10th, 1924, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Margaret Bira to George St. Clair.

March 8, 1924, at New York City, Louis C. Saracione to Theresa K. Batsone.

## BIRTHS

On January 11th, 1924, at Owosso, Mich., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schohl, a boy—named Charles Frederick.

On January 29, 1924, at New York City, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Berch, a boy, (still-born.)

On February 3d, at Newark, N. J., to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Glassner, twin sons—named David and Martin. Mrs. Glassner was Edith Cohen before marriage and was educated at the Trenton School for the Deaf, while Mr. Glassner received his education at Fanwood.

February 9th, 1924, at Bay Ridge Sanitarium, to Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Litchfield, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a girl.

On February 17, 1924, at Hoboken, N. J., to Mr. and Mrs. John Garland, a boy—named John Garland, Jr.

March 8, 1924, at New York City, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Collins, a boy—named Thomas.

March 12, 1924, at Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Scott, a girl—named Adelia.



# Windy City Observations

By THOMAS O. GRAY

**R**IGHT in the heart of this metropolis of the mid-west is situated the Pas-A-Pas Club—Chicago's premier club. This is an organization composed of deaf men and women, incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, for the promotion of social and literary culture among its members. This club was started forty-one years ago and has been in continuous existence ever since. In all these long years the Pas has weathered many a storm. It was in the summer of 1883 when seven young men, Edward Kingon, Chas. Angle, Champ Buchan, John Himlin, E. D. Hunter and Chester C. Codman, not caring to waste their lives in ignorance, ungodliness of poverty, met at the old Grand Pacific Hotel on the corner of Clark Street and Jackson Boulevard to form a social club for the promotion of pleasure among the deaf of Chicago. The honor of selecting a worthy name for the club was given to Mr. Harry Reed of Neenah, Wisc. who happened to be a visitor. His intuitive mind selected the French word Pas-A-Pas (meaning step by step) for the club. The name seems a fitting prophesy of its forty-one years' existence.

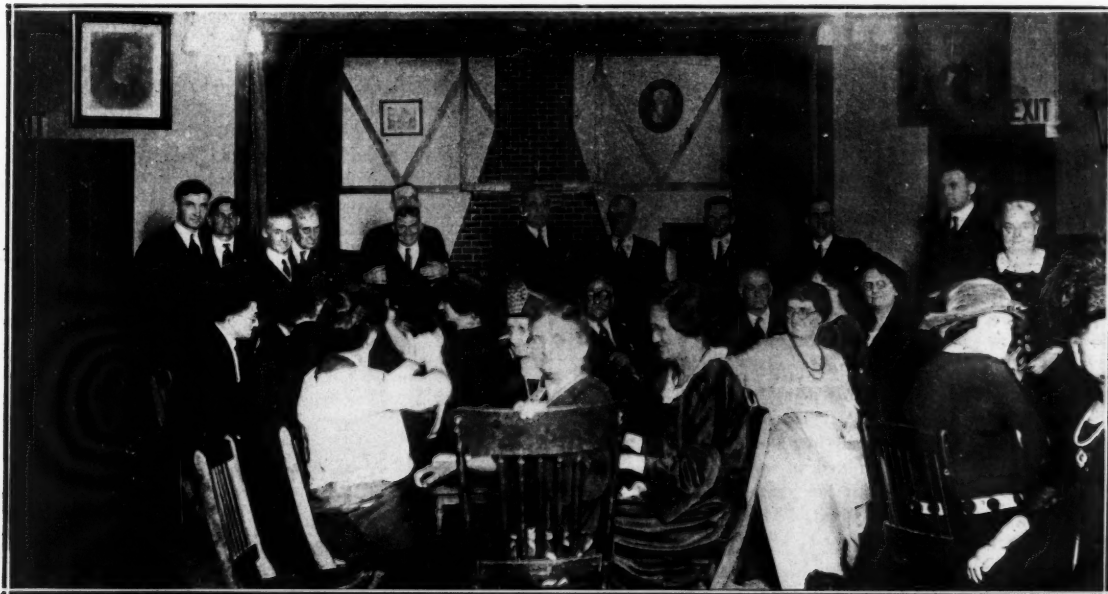
The Pas-A-Pas Club secured its first start with a picnic at Jackson Park—the sight of the World's Columbian Ex-

position of 1893—on August 11, 1883. The Illinois Central's cars were chartered to take the crowd up to the grove, a distance of approximately six and one-half miles. The fare being seventy-five cents, including admission to the grounds. This gathering of intramural mutes, most of whom wore the stove-pipe hat of by gone days, proved so amicable it started the machinery in motion for holding an annual picnic thereafter. A feast of watermelons and ice cream netted a profit of \$1.10. The

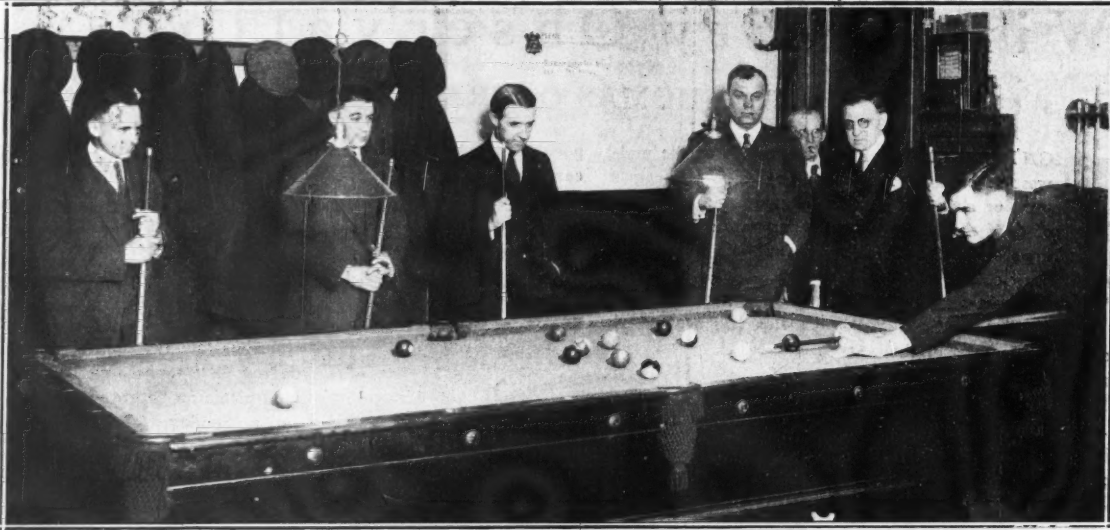
club has always held to the narrow lane by holding its annual picnic on Saturdays, never on a Sunday. The business meetings of the club were first held at the homes of its members. Its first president was Mr. Edward Kingon. He is still living at the age of seventy-two, and is a prominent church worker at All Angel's Church for the Deaf, 6122 Indian Ave. On November 9th, 1883, the members took a pleasure joint down to the Palmer House in Louisville, Ky. Here they met other mutes and indulged in many of the pleasures accorded them by the Southerners. This trip branded enthusiasm into their hearts. The year 1885 saw the club reorganized for a strong foundation from which the present financial condition of the club is the outgrowth. Meetings were first held at the old Forewell Hall on Madison



CHESTER C. CODMAN  
One of the Founders of the Pas-A-Pas Club



AN AFTERNOON SOCIAL AT THE PAS-A-PAS CLUB



A QUIET GAME OF POCKET BILLARDS AT THE PAS-A-PAS CLUB

Street between Clark and La Salle Sts. The Pas engaged its first club rooms at Randolph and Clarke Sts. Here it met with much success as the loop proved a very congenial location, convenient for those living in any part of the city. Four years ago the club rented the entire fourth floor of John R. Thompson Co., at 61 West Monroe St., for a term of three years and a year ago renewed the lease at an increase of \$600.00 for two more. Now the annual rental is \$1800.00 and besides its overhead expenses it gets along on membership dues of fifty cents per month for male and twenty-five cents for female members. A small raised platform was built for the convenience of the Thespian members who have proved themselves very apt at dramatic entertainment. The membership hovers around the two-century mark, bobbing up and down as resignations and kickouts are re-balanced by the initiation of new members.

This club is characterized by the faithfulness of a majority of its first members. Today on its roster of membership there are several who are to the club just what they were forty-one years ago—faithful as ever to their trust. Among these are Life members Messrs. Fraser and Codman. Mr. Fraser has had a continuous membership of the entire life of the club to date. It was at the annual banquet at the Fort Dearborn Hotel that President Purdum presented these two with life certificates. The former also has had a position with the Pullman Palace Car Company a similar number of years. Mr. Codman received his recognition of his services in behalf of the club. He has served several times on the board and as its president. Others who have served the club in an official capacity are Dr. George T. Dougherty, Richard L. Long and Benjamin F. Frank with thirty-five, thirty-three and thirty-two years membership. John E. Purdum holds the record of being president five consecutive terms. He is now president of the Chicago Association of the Deaf.

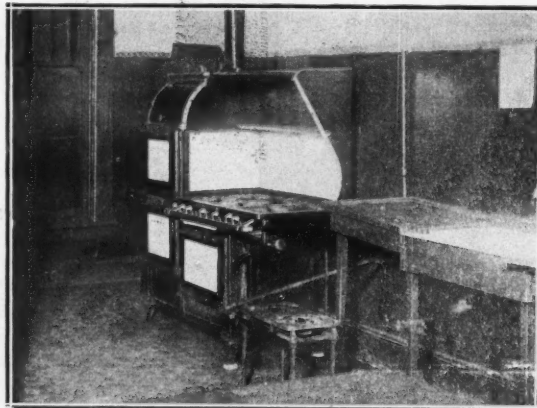
The Pas-A-Pas Club is the only independent organization that the writer knows where the deaf men and women have an equal right in the management. It has always fought for the rights of the deaf, defended the deaf schools from unjust classification and unselfishly admitted to its membership those coyish maidens whose culinary art has reached many a man's heart with the result that all admit: "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

Out on the West Side lives a venerable couple of deaf-mutes who attended the Illinois School for the Deaf before several of us were born. And what is now those stately elms along State Street, Jacksonville, Ill., were part of the fruitful labors of Edwin M. Brashar who attended the school in 1849. He

was then in his teens and assisted others in the work of planting these trees for the beautifying of this street which led up to the school. This job was one in which he points with pride, as those trees now form during the summer months an almost obstructed view of the sun; their green foliage, so dense, makes the street resemble a huge tunnel whose walls seem covered with perpetual vegetation.

Mr. Brashar was born in Rock Island, Ill., in the spring of 1838. He acquired his education at the Illinois School for the Deaf, being a pupil there from 1849 to 1858 respectively. His transportation to and from school was by the old fashioned stage to St. Louis, thence by those flat bottomed river steamers (of those days) up to Rock Island. While at school he had the opportunity of selecting something besides an education. At this school he was introduced to a diminutive blue-eyed Miss dressed in calico, trimmed with homespun lace with a rose in her hair. This bashful little maiden knew more about turning buckwheat cakes than she did about decimals. Her true name proved to be Sabina Jane Hixon, of Yorktown, Ill., born in 1842. On December 27, 1866, they were married by the Reverend Foy. The dawn of New Year's Day saw them fixing up a cosy nest on Brashar St., Rock Island. To their union five children were born, two having died in their infancy. Mrs. Francis Hunter, of Cicero, Ill., and Geo. R. Brashar, of Chicago, with whom the aged couple are living are the remaining children. Recently they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with elaborate ceremony. To date they have traveled life's pathway hand in hand for fifty-seven years.

Mr. Brashar was well acquainted with Chief Black Hawk,



THE PAS KITCHEN

chieftain of the Black Hawk Indians, and saw him captured and imprisoned. His memory has never failed him. He can tell you a story of his boyhood days as though it happened yesterday; and reads his papers without the aid of glasses.



MIR. AND MRS. EDWIN BRASHAR  
86 and 82 years old respectively

His tobacco pouch remains his constant companion and like other long lived people Mr. and Mrs. Brashar do not like to discuss the question of how they happened to live so long.

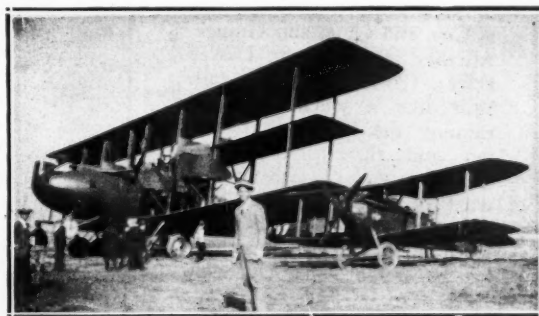
*"Youth longs, manhood strives, but age remembers,  
Sits up by the raked up ashes of the past,  
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers  
That warm its creeping life blood to the last.*

—O. W. Holmes.

During the excitement over the discovery of gold in Colorado Mr. Brashar and his brothers William and John joined others in the mad scramble to get there. His trip was made in an ox cart and took two months to get to Denver, then a trading post. All along the route they were threatened with bodily harm by suspicious savages. The overland trail was strewn with the bones of man and beast that perished enroute. On their arrival at Denver they went out to the hills to try their luck in search for the precious metal. Instead of using a pan a pick was tried out; this made the job less remunerative causing the caravan to decide to return. Mr. Brashar was warned by the Indians that he was an unfit person to go to heaven. This was conveyed to him in signs. The Indians pointed to him, nodded negatively, then looking up towards heaven indicating his affliction was a curse on himself. Their superstition and belief in the witchcraft aroused their fighting blood to a point where it was thought to be an unhealthy causing the caravan to decide to return. Mr. Brashar's ability to understand the redskins by their excited gesticulations saved his party from being attacked. His brothers became alarmed and communicated this to others. By this time the Indians were demanding bread, but the party pleaded none was to be had for exchange. It hastened the departure of the party for home. On the way thousands of buffaloes were seen roaming the plains. In spite of all these hardships and dangers the party arrived home safe.

The doors of the Illinois Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf is still ajar for the entrance of this aged couple. However, Mrs. Brashar does not desire to accept the hospitality it offers. Having lived all, except three years of her life, with her children is given as the reason.

Local newspapers with bold headlines announced the arrival of a monster bombing aeroplane at Checkerboard Field, Maywood. Out of eagerness to hear something, even better see it, the writer enlisted the aid of an acquaintance who is the Master Mechanic of a large manufacturing concern in Chicago. Together we strolled out to the field, which is the landing place of mail planes of the New York and San Francisco line. These swift mail planes maintain a uniform speed of 100 miles an hour, and in comparison with this monster resemble a peanut with an Idaho potatoe. Our trip took us across the Desplanes River past the much scandalized Speedway Hospital. On arrival there we were shown through the shops maintained by the government for the benefit of the aviation service; appropriation in the army being insufficient to develop this branch of the service. Noted courtesy was extended to us all through the works. The building of the machines was explained from the forrests of the Sierras to the Sherwan Williams paint. I was told everything and asked more questions than a four year old kid and by the lips of the superintendent could grab a lot of his conversation. The Barling Bomber came next. We were shown through the giant bird from tip-o'-tail to head and from wing tips to the interior of his whale body. Outside appearance gave one the impression this gaint was a formidable weapon. Despite the superintendent's enthusiasm I had my own conclusions. The horsepower was estimated at 2,400 with six of Uncle Sam's highly developed liberty motors to be depended on for its called for speed of 100 miles per hour. These motors were the only part of the whole bird that appealed to my mechanical knowledge. The rest of the aeroplane seemed to be kindling wood. The interior contained a lot of dash boards decorated with buttons of the push variety, electrically connected with every steering rudder, control of speeds and the dropping of the bombs, of which it was guaranted to carry 10,000 pounds. There was room for ten men crawl along in a creeping manner from one part to another. My thoughts were of the sharp pointed bullets that are sent after these speeding demons of the air. It was clear to my imagination how easy it was for one



BARLING BOMBER

World's largest and heaviest aeroplane. Wingspread, 120 ft.; length, 65 ft.; height, 28 ft.; horse power, 2400; weight, 40,000 lbs.; Carrying capacity: fuel capacity, 1,500 gals.; 10,000 lbs. of bombs.

of these missels of lead to plough through this soft wood, even at a mile's distance above the earth, and penetrate a vulnerable spot causing a "buck-up" into a nose dive for mother earth's bosom. At this thought I shuddered, the whole thing seemed un-safe for our aviators. The big bird left no impression on either of us as it barely cleared the tree tops on its way to Dayton, Ohio. Later on, I noted in *Aviation News* that the government had decided to condemn this giant bird as un-safe rather than spend \$50,000 to rebuild it.

Plumber: "I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."  
"Oh, mamma! Here's the doctor to see the cook."



# ATHLETICS

Edited by F. A. Moore

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this department)

## Dewey Deer. By J. Frederick Meagher

*He's a holy, howling hurricane from out the woolly West;*

*He's a terrific tornado; he's a steer;*

*He's a slashing, dashing demon boiling o'er with vim and venom*  
*As he rambles 'mid the shambles while we cheer.*

*He goes crashing, smashing, flashing,*

*Thru the muck and mire splashing—*

*Do we dote on dear old Dewey? Do we, Deer?*



**W**HAT Ted Coy was to Yale, what "Bo" McMillian was to Center, what Gipp was to Notre Dame, and what Grange is to Illinois—all these was Dewey Deer to the deaf.

If you were ever privileged to see him—either at Vancouver, Gallaudet or Goodyear—a description of Deer's deer-like, thundering style will be stale news. If you never saw him play, then a description will be uninteresting—for the papers have devoted endless columns to such triple-threat Goliaths as Coy, and Gipp, and Grange. All they say applies to Dewey Deer; 185-lbs., six feet tall, built like a truck-horse and running the hundred-yards in ten and three-fifth seconds. You won't be interested in what he did—for others have done it; nor in what he was—for hundreds of deaf men have had his weight, size and speed. But an analysis of the how he did it, a searchlight on that mysterious quality which makes one man a Jack Dempsey, a Bill Tilden, or a Dewey Deer, while others apparently as well-endowed by nature are only good as coal-heavers, that is news. Something you will want to read and use as basis of comparison with yourself and others.

For there isn't a red-blooded man of us but secretly feels he could have been a Dempsey or a Deer had possessed slightly different qualities. The heritage of our cave-man ancestors is our worship of physical prowess.

Dewey had that mysterious quality—well, some may call it Irish stubbornness, others call it Irish courage.

'They say the law of self-preservation is the instinct of human nature. Swing your hand suddenly before the eyes and he will blink, despite of his efforts to control his muscles.

Boxing men say, "In every fight, both men want to quit right away, if one man will only remember to keep

hammering ahead, the other fellow will eventually quit." Once in a long, long, long, while coaches stumble over a lad so blamed stubborn (or divinely courageous?) he simply won't give up.

Such a man was Dewey.

I gave him his first football lesson back in 1913, when he was 14, a raw, gawky lad fresh from public school and unable to sign. Bill Hunter was coach of the Vancouver, Washington state, school team (and right here please note that this is the first season since 1910 that Bill had not had one or more of his proteges on the backfield of the Gallaudet College eleven. For twelve straight years a Hunter-product has been in the regular Gallaudet backfield and Vancouver's total enrollment is only 135—until the great Massinkoff pushed Wallace over to end this season. A wonderful record.) Hunter coached the first team, while I handled the second, third and fourth school teams—out of some sixty boys in school, aged 5 to 21, all but ten or so played football. Another noteworthy record possibly. The entire school lived, talked, ate and slept on football; the spirit was superb and inspiring. I coaxed Dewey out on the field the day school opened and gave him his first lessons—along with other pages and esquires aspiring to the golden spurs of football knighthood. We try them out; ascertain their strong and weak points,

then carefully cajole, coax or scare them into perfecting their natural talents and lessening their flaws. One of the first tests of a prospective footballer is for courage.

Now even a seasoned gridiron warrior is sometimes



DEWEY DEER

reluctant to tackle a fast "high-stepper." There are lots of nicer sensations than getting kissed in the face by a Spalding football shoe, nailed and cleated, when you try to tackled like a terrier; I couldn't bluff or scare him. Passed quit the game then and there—they don't know the coach would not intentionally manicure their facade with his feet, calculating to miss them by inches. But Dewey tackled like a terrier; I couldn't bluff or scare him. Passed test number one. Next came the test for "yellow streak" or quitter." Ever have any one suddenly ram his head full-tilt into your feeble, friendly stomach? Remember the sickening anguish as you suddenly sat down and decided to call it a day? Dewey winced; but it only made him mad. Passed test number two. A whale of a prospect. A little grounding in the rudiments and I passed him, Bill Hunter for his first squad. Deer, West, Seipp and Sanders were the only natural-born footballers I met in all those years of coaching—and Deer was by far the most stubborn and aggressive.

Deer could kick and pass—charging linesmen did not fluster him. Deer could run the ends, "stepping high;" and had a foxy way of flinging himself suddenly to one side, so that a tackle generally hurt the tackler more than it did the runner. Deer could crash the line like a battering-ram—with face eighteen inches from the ground like a swimmer diving off the starting plank. His bull-neck allowed him to crack a mass three-men-deep, with no injury—to himself. Injuries to the obstacles were "something else again." His only flaw was he could never learn to pick holes like Seinenohn of Goodyear, depending on devilish drive and ferocious furry for yardage.

When tackled Deer had that knack of apparently "snaking" through the air (wiggling his body as a terrier shakes a rat, thus adding several feet to his yardage before hitting the earth.) And he was gritty, clear thru and thru.

Once in a while comes a man like Dempsey who can be knocked thru the ropes and come up so dazed he don't know what he is doing—but he does it anyway. That was Dewey. I have seen him with face streaming blood from further punishment. Dewey was a 100 per cent foot-groggy boxer—but he never showed up that thundering ripping, slashing attack; never tried to protect his face from further punishment. Dewey was a 100 per cent footballer; a "throwback" to Neanderthal ancestors.

He played fullback on the Gallaudet elevens of '18 and '19, then quit college to marry one of these super-charming Watt's sisters. Joined the Goodyear Flying Squadron and played several years on the "Goodyear Silents" (semi-pros)—one of them as captain.

Last spring he and his wife left Akron to join his dad in business in Shelton, Wash. And so ends the career of a jerk-water college star who would likely have made Camp's All American eleven had he been playing on one of the big varsity teams.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

o—o—o

#### W. E. D. HOY, WHO GAVE KRUPP THE IDEA FOR "BIG BERTHA."

Down Washington way, and in some other big league towns, the name of Hoy brings a thrill to the fans whenever it is mentioned, and wherever the rabid old-times get together the name is bound to come up in the course of the conversation. Why? Because.

Because Hoy was a ball player of wide repute for more reasons than one, the one being that he carried with him at all times, suspended from his right shoulder, a whip which if Simmon Legree had possessed it, poor old Uncle Tom could never have endured. Little Eva would have been, alsa! too

late. It was some whip and that's a fact. But that was not all that brought him fame.

A most proper person was Hoy and never was he known to talk back to his highness, "the ump." No one ever heard him give the long lip to a fellow player or offer argument to a player on an opposing team. Silence was Hoy's battlecry and because of this the payclerk put the "D" between the W. E. and Hoy on the payroll. The "D" stood for "Dummy," the name by which Hoy was familiarly known to his teammates and an adoring public. As a matter of fact Hoy was a deaf mute, which accounts for his peaceful disposition and serenity on the field of action.

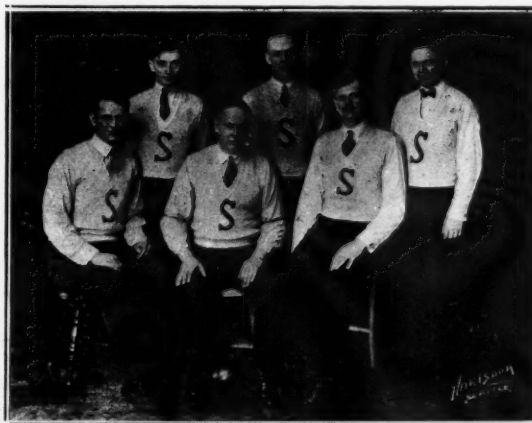
Like Young Lochinvar, "Dummy" Hoy came out of the west, where, contrary to and notwithstanding Mr. Greeley's advice, they tell their young to "go east," especially when their ambition runs toward the four-base field. They say that Hoy was discovered by Ted Sullivan when the latter was scouting for the team which has the capital city for a home, no better reason being given for its connection with the major league, to date.

Sullivan convinced Hoy that he was wasting his time around Findlay, Ohio., and showed him where he could get his name in the papers and maybe meet some of the lawmakers if he would only bring his whip and his legs to Washington. Besides, Sullivan had been an eye-witness of the "Dummy's" trick of throwing from deep centre to the home plate without a relay. Out Ohio way folks had gotten used to it and runners had given up trying.

With the use of a pencil and paper the dumb genius explained the matter of price, etc., to Mr. Sullivan, and when the latter came out of his fit he decided that it was worth it anyhow. So Hoy went to Washington. Like a greyhound he covered the bases and he showed them how to slam the pill, too. Also he showed his whip at its best and justified the price they had paid, for, what with his running, throwing, hitting and fielding, his fame spread afar. In Washington his name was mentioned with the President's and the other folks of renown and he prospered.

But it was his merciless whip, his throwing from the far garden to the man with the mask and chest protector that brought him greatest fame, and gave old man Krupp the idea of the "Big Bertha"—grandma of them all.—*Police Gazette*

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SEATTLE SILENTS BOWLING TEAM

o—o—o

#### MUTE BOWLERS IN PRESS HEADPIN TOURNEY

There's one group of bowlers to whom the roar and din of the bowling alleys—the crash of ball on pins—the shouts of glee which arise after brilliant plays—hold no fascination.

The members of the group are all mute. They are employed at Goodyear and learned to bow on Goodyear Alleys.

They learned well, Wingfoot fans will tell you, for records show no great number of Goodyear women who can beat them.

The women will roll their games Wednesday night in The Press Headpins Bowling Tournament. All are aiming at topping Mr. L. Zimmerman's score of 93, which so far holds the lead among fair sex bowlers.

Women bowlers from Goodyear, Firestone and independent alleys will roll Wednesday night in The Press Tourney. The five Greis sisters also Goodyear employes, bowled Tuesday night.

—o—o—o—  
PROGRESSIVE

The Alabama and the Georgia schools seem to be the only schools in the South that are progressive—athletically—Following the example of the northern schools, they have an annual inter-school basketball contest. This year the Alabama lasses had it on those from Georgia, the score being 42 to 14.

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KANSAS SURPRISES

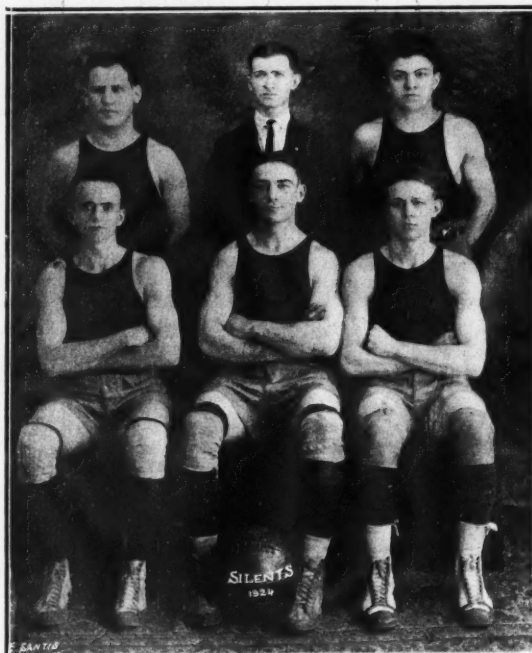
Nebraska defeated Iowa rather handily, winning 25 to 3, displaying excellent team work and passing. South Dakota, having arrived the day before and having had a good rest, proved to be a hard team for the tired Kansans to beat. The score was 14 to 8 in favor of Kansas.

After a good night's rest at the Iowa School, the Kansas boys easily took the measure of their hosts, the Iowa boys, Saturday afternoon, 37 to 10. The Nebraska team had a hard tussle with their guests, the South Dakota boys, and won by a field goal in the last half minute of play, 12 to 11.

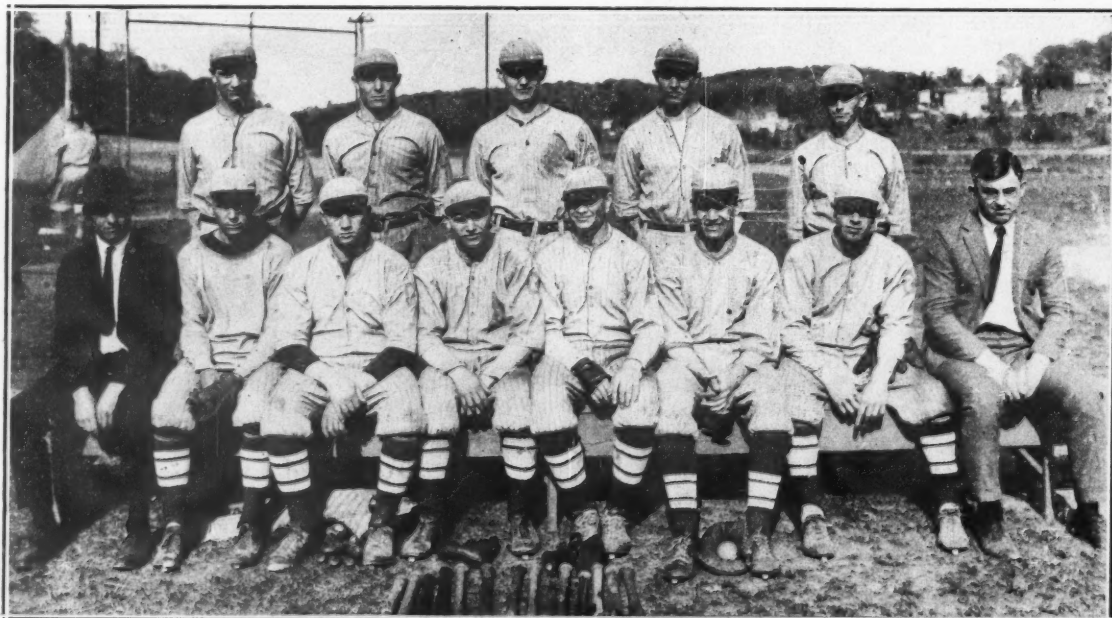
With Kansas having won both of her games and Nebraska likewise having done the same, that put Kansas and Nebraska together for the finals, which occurred Saturday evening after Iowa had surprised the crowd by trouncing South Dakota, 13 to 10. Kansas got away to a flying start, Baldwin caging a long shot. He was quickly followed by Ringle, with another long one and Cline sent the Kansas crowd wild with another long shot. Not satisfied the three each repeated their performances and the score then stood: Kansas 12, Nebraska 0. Benedet and Buselt, the two Kansas guards, were working beautifully and in perfect unison. The five-man defense of the Kansas completely baffled the Nebraska boys, and they were forced to shoot from the centre of the court. The half ended, Kansas leading 17 to 6.

The second half saw Kansas let up a little, being contented to hold her lead: The Nebraska defense tightened and held Kansas to 8 points, while Nebraska made 6. The final score was Kansas 25, Nebraska 12, and thus was Kansas awarded the beautiful silver loving cup, with the following words engraved thereon:

BASKET BALL CHAMPIONS,  
MIDWEST SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF,  
1924. —Kansas Star



WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION BASKETBALL TEAM  
Front Row:—Bently, Hasson, Capt., Rickenbrode. Back Row:—Rogalsky, Ross, manager, R. Ludovico. J. Wagel, H. McEllroy, E. McEllroy are missing from the picture. Champions of the tri-state district (Western Penna., West Virginia and Eastern Ohio).



GALLAUDET BASEBALL TEAM 1923





WISCONSIN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF FOOTBALL TEAM

Back row: F. J. Neesam, Coach; T. Emery Bray, Supt.  
 Second row: R. Kirar, sub; C. White, sub; R. Davis, c; A. Szablewski, rg; E. Sveen, sub.  
 First row: H. Willele; S. Somogji, sub; A. Kastner, rt. Capt. J. Braclaus, rhb; F. Spears, fb; M. Hirte, lhb.  
 "Bring" Bray, Mascot

## NEXT YEAR'S MID-WEST TOURNAMENT

The recent basketball tournament was highly gratifying to everybody and plans for next year are already being made. Invitations have been extended to all neighboring state schools most of which will no doubt accept. Like coach Foltz the New Jersey school wishes she could annihilate distance and play the winner of the tournament. New Jersey has defeated Mt. Airy, Hartford and Fanwood all in a row and besides this has won the Trenton Scholastic Championship,

defeating such teams as the State Normal, Riders College, etc.

We are certain the time will eventually come when the schools for the deaf will be able to hold a National Tournament.

o—o—o

## WIS. SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF FOOTBALL TEAM

At the start of the season the outlook for a good football team at the Wisconsin School was indeed gloomy. There were not enough good men to make up a team. But finally a team was formed and after some shifting of positions the right

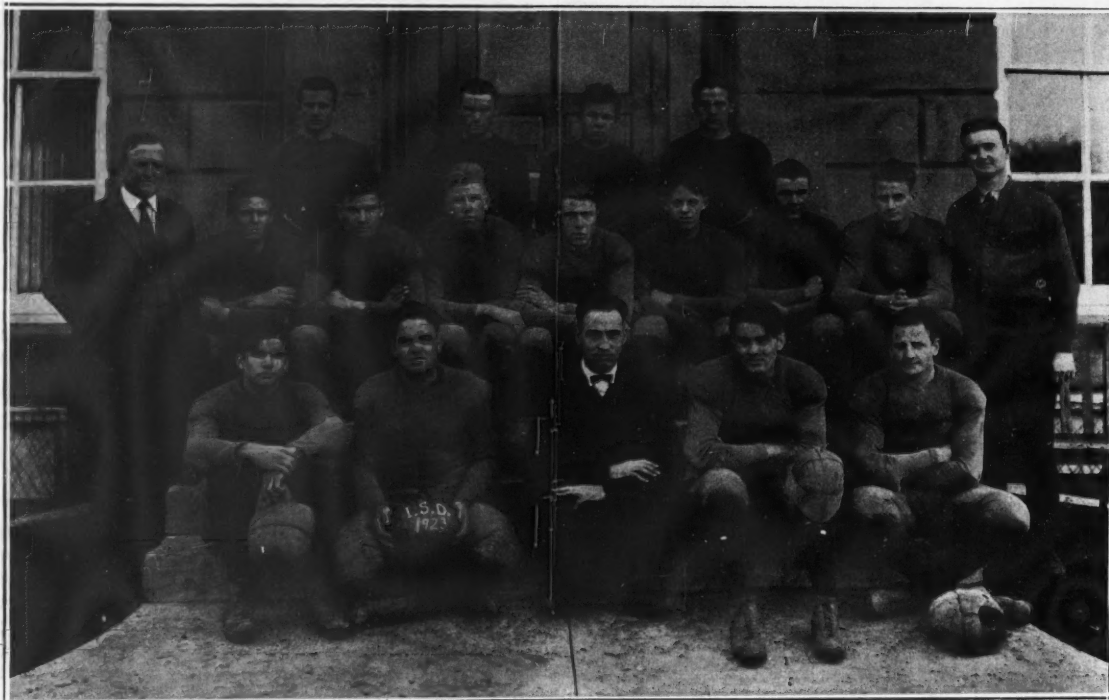


MISSISSIPPI SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF BASKETBALL TEAM

On the left of the picture is Mr. James McVernon, the coach, and the right is Mr. James Nelson, the manager. The names of the players from left to right are: Lawrence Warren, John Blaylock, John Allen, Avery Canon, Leland Maxwell, (Capt.), Harold Stewart, Fred Anderson, McVernon and Mr. Nelson.  
 The team played a total of thirteen games and won five with 193 points to 298 for the opponents, making a percentage of 385. Of the games eight were played with High Schools, and our boys won four. Capt. Maxwell deserves special mention for being the best player and is destined to add to his laurels during the next session of school. Mr. McVernon is regarded as one of the best coaches we have had.

combination was found and the boys proceeded to chalk up victories. The team won 5 games, tied 1 and lost 1. The teams that tied and defeated it were afterwards beaten. The defensive play was exceptionally strong, only two touch downs being scored against it. The first at the start of the season

and the other one as the result of a flunky forward pass. The offense while good did not measure up to the defense. It would be hard to pick individual stars as all played well in their respective positions with Capt. Braclaus always setting the example by hard consistent playing.



ILLINOIS SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

The Eleven that held the great Kansas team to a 6 to 0 score



THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE WASHINGTON STATE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

Reading left to right top row—W. S. Hunter, Coach; Roy Burns, Right Half Back; M. E. Harbert, Captain, Full Back; Alex Rehn, Left Half Back; G. B. Lloyd, Supt. Middle row—Harold Rehn, Right End; Watson Hiatt, Sub; Delmar Cosgrove, Quarter Back; Valentine Cookson, Left End. Lower row—Clyde Graham, Right Tackle; James Scanlon, Right Guard; Neils Bresen, Center; Sam Abrahamson, Left Guard; Domenico Tonti, Left Tackle.

# League of Pen Women Endorses Woman For State Appointment



THE ARKANSAS Branch League of American Women, Inc., an organization having perhaps the largest publicity of any woman's organization in America, has taken official action on a vital matter of public interest to the state, as follows:

"Resolved, That the appointment of Mrs. Bess Michaels-Riggs as superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Deaf be asked of the appointing board, because of her superior qualifications as hereafter set forth, and that a copy of said resolution, together with her qualifications, be submitted to the governor of Arkansas and to the press of the state.

## MRS. RIGGS' QUALIFICATIONS

That Bess Michael-Riggs is preeminently fitted to fill the position indicated, the Arkansas members of the League of American Pen Women submit the following facts:

As a child, Mrs. Riggs lived at the Arkansas School for the Deaf, where her father and mother were teachers. During one year she was a student there and consequently understands the problems from the child's point of view. She is also familiar with the procedure at various other schools with which she has been connected or as an observer.

Being the child of deaf parents, she has a thorough knowledge of the sign language, and she is thus able to express her thoughts in signs as well as in words. Many children of the deaf do not have this ability, although to the layman, any "signini" is apt to indicate thorough ability along this line. Mrs. Riggs has interpreted whole conventions for the deaf, lasting two and three days, interpreting in spoken language, as the deaf "signed" and vice versa for the "hearing."

Several years ago, Mrs. Riggs went to Fort Worth, Tex., and delivered a sermon of her own preparation at the church exclusively for the deaf. She has also taught deaf Sunday school classes in different localities for years, and has also delivered lectures in signs in Washington, D. C., and Knoxville, Tenn. While a resident of Little Rock at the school for the Deaf, she was always an active participant in the literary clubs and debates of the school. She also interpreted at weddings, funerals and court proceedings. As a young girl she often accompanied the children of the state school to Emanuel Baptist church and interpreted the sermon to them.

Mrs. Riggs also paraphrased and staged "Sister Beatrice" for the deaf girls at Gallaudet College, and later, in Knoxville, staged a boys' vaudeville show.

## EDUCATION

Mrs. Riggs graduated from the Little Rock high school in 1906 as valedictorian and president of her class. She later received an A. B. degree from Vassar College and M. A. degree from Gallaudet College in the field of education of the deaf. Mrs. Riggs taught regular classes at Gallaudet in the preparatory school following the resignation of one of the teachers, later teaching the college preparatory class for several years at the State School for the Deaf at Knoxville, Tenn. While a teacher in Tennessee, Mrs. Riggs continued her studies along advanced study in this field, educating the deaf at the University of Tennessee, in a class for teachers organized by P. P. Claxton. At the Arkansas School for the Deaf, Mrs. Riggs, after passing the sixth grade, during her high school days, substituted frequently as teacher there during the holiday season each year.

Mrs. Riggs is the only person who has ever gone from Arkansas to Gallaudet College for a master's degree. She is in complete sympathy with work of this college for the deaf, and if she is given the appointment to serve her state

at the Arkansas School for the Deaf, will endeavor to have many more young men and women of that institution than have ever done so in the past.

## EXECUTIVE ABILITY

Mrs. Riggs' executive ability is well known and has been the subject of much favorable comment by men of high standing in the public life of the state, men whose ability to judge of her qualifications to serve are above question.

Mrs. Riggs has served variously as chairman for Fort Smith of the Belgian relief under the Women's National Council of defense; chairman Philanthropic Committee, Fort Smith Federation of Women's clubs; vice-president Western Arkansas Writer's Guild; as president of the Van Buren Teachers' Club; president of the Fort Smith Tennis Club; vice-president of the Arkansas Authors' and Composers' Society, and is the present secretary of math teachers for the Arkansas Educational Society.

## UNDERSTANDING OF CHILDREN

Mrs. Riggs' great qualification in the last analysis, perhaps, is her sympathetic understanding of children and young people from the standpoint of a mother, as well as a teacher of wide experience. A conscientious Christian she is fully alive to the duties and responsibilities attendant upon the guidance of the young. Believing that every child has an individuality to be respected, she would, if appointed to the superintendency of the Arkansas State School for the Deaf, strive to give every child the advantage of the greatest opportunities for education in the atmosphere of wise and intelligent Christian motherhood.

Mrs. Riggs' dream and aim for years has been planning various things which may be done to make deaf children happier and better fitted to meet the problems of life after they have left school, in the way of intellectual, cultural and physical development. She has a desire to establish those things which have proven beneficial to the schools for the "hearing," and which are so slowly finding their way into the schools for the deaf, such as good citizenship clubs for the boys, girls' improvement clubs, and to provide regularly and frequently for speakers from outside, whose talks she would interpret, a thing provided pitifully seldom in most schools for the deaf, but which are of frequent occurrence in the public schools. In every way it would be her supreme aim to make the State School for the Deaf measure up to the broad program as followed in the best of the "hearing" schools.

## MRS. RIGGS A CITIZEN

In asking for appointment to such a responsible position in the gift of the state, Mrs. Riggs and her friends feel that real citizenship should be taken into consideration. Educated in Arkansas, she represents the highest type of the womanhood of the state. She is a taxpayer and a voter. Her appointment in the words of Judge Bourland of Fort Smith, "would serve to reflect honor on our qualified womanhood and tend to encourage our young women to prepare themselves in our colleges and institutions for vocational learning, to serve, in our program of civilization, wherever Christian service is required.—Little Rock Newspaper.

## NEVER AGAIN

Irate Housewife: "Aren't you the same man I gave a mince pie to last Christmas?"

Tramp (bitterly): "No, mum; I'm not; an wot's more, the doctors say I never will be again."  
—Life.



# The Dream of A Weird Mysterious Linotyper

By JOHN F. O'BRIEN



IF WE mistake not there is no one connected with THE SILENT WORKER—outside or inside who does not know either by hearsay or personal contact one Davy Simmons, of the cultivated town of Rahway, New Jersey.

Now, with two foot added to his personality, and the fag ends of his hirsute overtopping his ears to the forefront allowed to cultivate under the guidance of Tony, the barber, Dave might pose as Mr. Rudolph Valentino, the mystical hero of the film world.

Unlike Val, who can use his ears without the addition of ear drums, and other anxious-to-be-disposed of apparatus, Dave is as deaf as a post. However, in another respect, Rudolph and Dave are in the same class. Even though Dave is a harried Linotyper and Tino a much-worried-about screen star among Movie Fans.

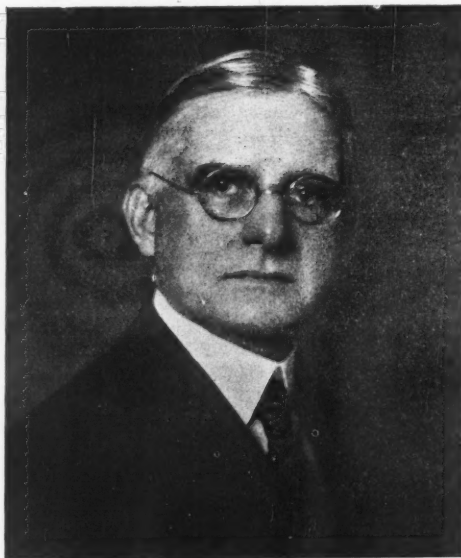
Both are dreamers, though the subjects of their nocturnal trips may differ.

This fact credit *The Rahway Record*, of the cultivated community from which it adopts its name. It owns up to a big linotype, and friend Dave is known to every one—as THE LINOTYPE MAN.

Among the *Record's* special department is one given over to "Mickie," under the caption "Mickie's Rantings." Some of the Rahway townspeople say Mickie is simply a camouflage for the Linotype Man, as the Linotype Man is Dave Simmons, the acquisition of a bullet proof, non-sinkable non-poisonous suit for work-day wear would seem to be apropos under the circumstance—for both "Mickie" and the Linotype Man.

"Mickie's" aim is to make Rahway a duplicate of Utopia. He is fearless in all he writes. Rapping, commending, encouraging, and disposing of bricks and bokays without giving an iota of a care as to possible personal consequences.

In a recent "rant" "Mickie" asks: "Did you ever wake up in the night and find yer bed afire?" and then goes on to say, "Well I heard of a fellow who did, and I'm gonner write the story for me Ranting Column, but hardly expect it ter appear in print, 'cause this fellar is no other person than Davy Simmons, the guy who manipulates the big linotype machine on the hometown newspaper. Retirin' t'other night with a clear conscience after a long day's work, lay himself down ter sleep. I didn't hear whether he said his prayers or not, but at any rate he began to feel hot in the vicinity where his ma uster patch his pants after he had been slidin' down his chum's cellar door. Shure wuz good thing he has fellin's too, 'cause a spark from his smokes had caught his bathrobe that he tossed across his bed and burned a hole straight down toward Davy's birthday suit. Did he move? Well! Mister Henson of the "Y" where the hero of me story has a dormitory with



JOHN FRANCIS O'BRIEN L. PACH PHOTO.  
A Prominent figure in New York Catholic circles; editor of "Ephphatha," a defunct magazine printed for the benefit of Catholic deaf mutes. Linotype operator for many years. Subscription agent for "The Silent Worker."

some other prominent single Rahwayans, is thinkin' of installin' some fire-proof beddin' and beds. In honor of the occasion I submit the following lines, to wit:

*The Linotype operator lay upon  
his bed,  
Snorin' plaster from o'er his  
head.  
In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm  
and bright.  
"O stay," the maiden said, "and  
rest  
Thy weary head upon this  
breast!"  
A tear stood in Davy's work-  
worn eye,  
As up he jumped, and with a  
cry,  
Hollered fire!*

A week following, The Linotype Man, to square himself with the Rahwayans and at the same time settle for once and for all the weird and mystical question as to who is "Mickie?" writes:

"Mickie: "Couldn't have used a more concise salutation, could I? I didn't use any "deaf" in it because you are about as dear to me as is "Pussyfoot" Johnson to the disciples of John Barleycorn and the devotees of the present day substitutes for the departed John.

"Even though you are far from dear to me—because of the horrible copy you send in each week—I must thank you for the opportunity you've presented by publishing the story of my private fire. As far as your yarn about me is concerned, I must admit that you had the facts straight. Had they not been so, I should have asked the editor man to hold the article for investigation on your part.

"Of course the story of my unfortunate adventure was pretty well aired before you sent it in for your Rantings, and in the airing some descendants of 'Balaam's automobile' had to make a stab at the conjecture that I had been smoking in bed. Such an idea on the part of some is natural. Never was there a Simple Simon who did not believe there were flocks of his own kind.

"Since you began your Rantings 'Mickie's' identity has been the cause of many a snap conclusion. "Who is Mickie?" was answered by a very wise several, who tried to pin the honor ribbon on me. They won't believe that even I, who handle the 'Mickie' copy, am not also on the guessing list.

Mickie, did it ever occur to you that a human head constructed of reinforced bone is a difficult place into which to plant a seed of intelligent thinking? But when once the bone cracks sufficiently to permit an idea to seep in, the idea wanders around the empty chambers of the brain space howling like a lost soul on the borders of eternity. Such head seldom harbor a genuinely analytic thought which is proven by the fact that the things of which you rant, would never come to me so soon

after they happened. Those who accuse me of being you, should know, after being acquainted with me all these years that the sole function of my ears is to act as lead-pencil carriers, sepectacle-hangers, hat-stoppers and nooke in which dirt may accumulate (and does); and that they are incapable of listening in on all the peddled talk that flies about town.

"So, Mickie, even though I hate to handle the copy you send in for your Ranting Column, because of its unusual, and I might say unholy, appearance, I must thank you for this opportunity to feed Royal Guaranteed Roach Powder to a few 'bug' who have disturbed

THE LINOTYPE MAN"

## Deaf-Mute Linotype Operator On Citizen Hears Radio

Possibilities of the radio in providing entertainment for deaf mutes, as well as being of some assistance in enabling them to learn and distinguish sound, were indicated last night when Robert Lee Floyd, linotype operator for *The Citizen*, was taken to the home of Dr. Arthur Ambler and was able to hear the sounds coming from the radio receiving set.

Of course, he was not able to distinguish musical or talking numbers, for he has been deaf all of his life, but indicated that if he could hear his name called over the radio and were to hear it again, he would recognize it. He also reports that he thinks he could learn to distinguish music from the human voice by hearing them and having the difference pointed out to him by others.

Floyd reports that he has never been able to hear the human voice, except for slight noises when people with loud voices are talking very near him. He can hear a noise when a steam whistle is blowing near and by standing very close to a talking machine can hear noises, but is unable to classify them, of course.

"Very pleasant" was the way Floyd answered a written question as to whether or not the radio sounds were harsh and disagreeable or pleasant to hear. He reports that when music is being received he has the light, want-to-dance feeling, which feeling is experienced by people generally when they hear music, especially of the jazzy type.

Floyd is anxious to continue to hear the radio, having people present write for him what is being received, believing that finally he can distinguish between music and the human voice and possibly, in time classify various kinds of music, or the male and female voice. Even persons who cannot hear are said to be able to feel the vibrations caused by the music through their nerves or other senses.

Whether or not the radio may be of service to deaf people in giving them entertainment probably remains to be seen, but Floyd at least is open to proof and expects to try it out as far as he is able.

Floyd is one of the two deaf operators at *The Citizen* office. He is a native of Windsor, Bertie County, this State, and graduated from the North Carolina School for the Deaf at Morganton in 1920. He studied linotype operating for about a year while there and has been an operator since, having come to *The Citizen* a few months ago.

Jonas Williams, a native of Warren County, this State, is the other deaf operator. Williams can hear some sounds and distinguish them and has learned to speak a few words.

Cleveland Baber, superintendent of *The Citizen's* composing room, is an expert linguist in the deaf and dumb language, having trained many deaf boys in the printing trade in New Orleans, Birmingham and other Southern cities.—*The Asheville Citizen*.

## Will Hold Convention

Rock Island Chapter Illinois Association of the Deaf will hold its next convention at Rock Island, Ill., July 1-5, 1924. The Chapter was organized three years ago by Art C. Johnson.

## Prominent Deaf Pastor Dies

Rev. J. A. Branflick, assistant pastor of Christ Methodist Episcopal Church for the Deaf, Baltimore, Md., for the past 25 years, died from Bronchial Pneumonia after a week's illness, Saturday morning, March 8. He was 64 years old. Rev. Branflick was a graduate of the Maryland State School for the Deaf, Frederick, Md., and for a quarter of a century has been one of the most widely known of the Deaf in Maryland, being twice president of the Maryland branch of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. He is survived by one son, Harry W. Branflick. Funeral services were held Tuesday, March 11, 2 p.m., and was in charge of Rev. D. E. Moylan, pastor with whom Rev. Branflick was associated in his work for the entire period of his christian ministry, assisted by Rev. W. C. Parrish, Treasurer-Secretary of the Advisory Board of Christ Church for the Deaf and Rev. Dr. J. M. Gillum, District Superintendent and President of the Advisory Board. Interment was made at the Baltimore Cemetery.

## Close To The Century Mark



MISS VIRGINIA BUTLER AND HER COMPANION.

This picture is Miss Virginia Butler, of Stockbridge, Mass., and her companion, Mrs. Dora McCoy, of Chicago, Ill. Miss Butler was 98 years old in March. She is the oldest graduate of the old 54th St. school in New York City, now the Fanwood school. She had a sister Lucy who was also deaf that lived to be one hundred years old. Miss Butler makes her home with her hearing niece, Miss Virginia Butler, at the "numery" as their large and beautiful home is called. She had a nurse to take care of her all the time. 'Hope she will live to be a hundred years old.

NELLIE RISLEY.

# GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By MARGARET E. JACKSON



T goes without saying that the month of February is bad for every one. On the contrary, at Kendall Green February was marked with both gayety and gravity. The social activities were at their unusual brilliancy, and the glory of basket-ball for the season was at its height. An epidemic of grippe prevailed, but fortunately there was no serious case among the students.

In the midst of the collegiate activities solemnity suddenly became prevalent. Ex-President Wilson passed away. On the day of his burial, to honor the memory of our ex-patron, all activities for the afternoon came to a halt. Comparatively, a large number of students witnessed the funeral procession that lined the route from the Wilson residence at S. Street to Mount St. Albion Cathedral.

Miss Grace D. Coleman was called to her home in South Carolina by the death of an aunt, and was absent for sometime from her duties as dean of the young women of Fowler Hall. During her absence, Miss Edith M. Nelson acted in her place.

Professor Elizabeth Peet of French and Latin was confined to her home by bronchitis for several days. No sooner had she recovered than Miss Ida Montgomery, with whom Miss Peet has been living for many years, was taken ill with pneumonia. On February the twenty-ninth at five-fifteen P.M. Miss Montgomery died.

The funeral rites of Miss Montgomery were held in the Chapel of Gallaudet on March second at three o'clock. The whole college was quite affected by the death of Miss Montgomery who was held in high esteem by every one who knew her.

Friday evening, February first, the Senior Class took charge of the Literary Society Meeting. They gave an exceedingly interesting program. The following is the program:

Reading: Blind Rosa—Mr. Harland Markel

Debate: Resolved, that the United States should adopt the Bock Peace Plan.

Affirmative side—Messrs. Griffing and Williams.

Negative side—Messrs. Stephens and Kirby.

Declamation: Excelsior—Mr. Ernest Langenberg

Ten Minute Playlet: A chance meeting in a railway station.—Messrs. Jones, Santim, Zimble, Lahn, Boatwright, and McConnell.

Saturday evening, February second, a literary meeting of the O. W. L. S. was held in the Girls' Reading Room. A debate: Resolved, that the Modern Woman is of more value to the na-



A MID-WINTER THEATRICAL

tion than the Girl of Fifty Years Ago, was given. Rhoda Cohen, '25, and Ethel Mason, '27, were on the affirmative side; Mary Dobson and Esther Forsman, '27, on the Negative side. A short play, "The Princess who hid her shoes," was entertained, in which Ruth Price P. C., as the Princess, Marie Parker P. C., as the Prince, and Mildred Markstad, '25, as the

King, participated. A delightful dialogue on the President Campaign was given by Wienona Edwards, '25, and Louise Brubakes, '27. Estelle Caldwell, '27, recited a declamation, My Heart's in the Highlands in very graceful signs. Miss Lalla Wilson '24 acted as critic and pronounced the program splendid.

Friday evening, February fifteenth, the Rev. Mr. Arthur D. Bryant spoke before a meeting of the Literary Society. His



"GUARDS OF CAMP GALLAUDET"  
Spring of 1923

theme was on his early college reminiscences, and it was highly diverting. The audience, however, was kneeily disappointed that Mr. Bryant was compelled to cut short his talk in order that the meeting might be adjourned early for a basket-ball game with Ursinus College.

Saturday evening, the sixteenth, the O. W. L. S. presented the annual public entertainment in the Chapel. This affair was one of the outstanding social events of the month. Quite a large number of persons attended, including many visitors from outside of Washington.

Scenes, unusually artistic and lovely in effect, were made for the play, "Solomon's Song." Surrounded by the splendor of King Solomon's Court, an intensely interesting dialogue was held between the haughty, conceited king and the humble, but defiant maid a Abishag. This play was considered the best feature of the program. In "Solomon's Song," the characters were: Shalgazer, Lillian McFarland, '27; Milcah Rhoda Cohen, '25; Herald, Ethel Newman, '26; Abiathar, Marie Parker, P. C.; Abishag, Emma Sandberg, '25, and Solomon, Elizabeth Hassett, '24.

Edythe Ozbun, '27, danced a Dance of Happiness in a very graceful, care-free manner.

A short modern comedy: "All Gummed Up," drew a hearty applause from the audience. Dorothy Clark, P. C., as George Bartlett, a liver specialist, was immediately recognized as an actress of ability, and indeed the success of the play was largely due to her efforts. Other participants in the play were Ethel Mason, '27, as Minister, the assistant to the specialist Oleta Brothers, '27, as Henrietta Tremayne; Mary Kannapell, '27, as Goffrey Tremayne and Gladys Hansen, P. C., as Gloria Bartlett.

Emma Sandberg, '25, sang "More D'Arthur" in such a manner that the lyric was delivered in vivid and impressive emotional signs.

Sunday afternoon, the seventeenth, the Freshman Class conducted a Sunday School concert. The program was rendered in the memory of two great Americans, George Washington



and Abraham Lincoln. Robert Marsden delivered an address on the former, and Esther Forsman on the latter. Caspai Jacobson recited Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Collections, amounting to a little more than twenty dollars, were taken for our little protege in France. Dr. Ely closed the concert with a prayer.

Recently the Sophomore Class presented a bust of Edward Miner Gallaudet to the college. Mr. Hannan, a deaf sculptor of Washington was commissioned to work on the piece for the Sophomore Class. It was placed on the wall in the Chapel near the portrait of Dr. Gallaudet. Mr. Robert Fletcher, '26, made the presentation speech.

The Greens observed a holiday on Washington's birthday. A basket-ball game between Fordham University of New York and the Buff and Blue afforded the Greens much pleasure that evening. The Fordham team was on its trip down south and accepted a challenge from Gallaudet. Their team work was so powerful that the Buff and Blues were handicapped in every way. Although the Gallaudetites tied the score several times they finally surrendered to the visitors by the score 40-32.

The Fanwood basket-ball boys, accompanied by their coach Lux, while enroute to Frederick to play the Maryland team, stopped at Washington for sight-seeing. They were among the spectators who witnessed the game between the Greens and New Yorkers.

Friday evening, before the game with the New Yorkers, the candidates for admission to the Kappa Gamma Fraternity entertained a large audience with a comedy, called "School Days," in the chapel.

The next evening ten new members were initiated into the conclave of the fraternity. They were: Messers. Harry Danofsky, '25, Edmund Buman '27, William Grow '27, Charls Kilian '27, Walter Krug '27, Robert Marsden '27, Norman Scarvie '27, Luther Shibley '27, Edward Szopa '27, and Birney Wright '27.

Saturday afternoon, the twenty-third, the Co-eds made a trip to Forest Glen, Md. to play basket-ball with National Park Seminary. By far the Co-eds improved considerably and were at their best in play. Sandberg as side center, and Newton, center, did much in carrying the ball to Kannapell and Clark, forwards. In the first half the Buff and Blue led the score 7-3, but in the second half the opponents got the better of them. At the end of the game, the score was 28-14, the opponents carrying off the victory.

After the game the seminary girls gave a tea to the Buff and Blue players.

Saturday evening, the twenty-third, under the auspices of the Jollity Club the Co-eds held an annual masquerade party in the gymnasium. The affair was for the ladies only, and turned out a roaring success. Everyone was disguised in picturesque costumes. Half of the girls dressed as boys and thus offered the remaining half plenty of partners for the evening. Games and dancing were indulged in. Refreshments, consisting of dainty sandwiches, grape juice and cookies, were served.

Sunday afternoon, the twenty-fourth, the Young Men's Christian Association gave the following program in the chapel:

Song: Home Mission—Albert Rose '27

Talk: Child Welfare—James Beauchamp '25

Talk: The Salvation army in Washington

—Byron Burnes '26

Talk: Children's Home in Washington

—John Boatwright '24

Song: Onward Christian Soldier—Peter Stewart P. C.

Wednesday afternoon, the twenty-seventh, the Co-eds played a return game with George Washington University at Central High School. The Buff and Blue showed great improvement in their team work since the game at Forest Glen. From beginning to end the game was carried on in an extremely hot

atmosphere. Both sides combated hard against each other; soon the Buff and Blue scored nine to one at the end of the first half. Somehow in the second half the University worked speedily, then the score was tied, and finally the Buff and Blue lost by the score 19-14.

On the night of the twenty-seventh, the boys closed their basket-ball season with a game at Catholic University. The Faculty granted to the boys the privilege of escorting the Co-eds to the Catholic University for the occasion. The game, itself, was a rather slow and uninteresting one, and the team work on both sides lacked energy. But finally towards the end of the game, both sides worked fast. The University carried off the victory by the score 23-14.

The close of the basket-ball season shows seven victories out of ten games. The brilliant victories won were due to the splendid team work of the proteges of Coach Ted Hughes, and also due to Riddle P. C., who is remarkable for his unflinching goal throwing. Throughout the season these players, under the constant watch of their coach, were unflinching in their self-control and energy.

As for the Co-eds, this year there has been much difficulty in choosing players for the line up. It was not until at the game at Forest Glen that the team underwent a complete change in the line up. Although the Co-eds have not come out on top in basketball, they have done their best. However, they are in hopes of getting even with Wilson Normal School at their last game on March fourth.

February twenty-ninth a Leap Year Dance was held in the boys' Refectory. The dance was under absolute control of the Co-eds, and scored a tremendous success. Instead of evening dresses, the girls were attired in severely tailored blouses and skirts, thus giving a masculine air. The boys were adorned with borrowed feminine finery such as bandeaux, jewelry, and collars, not mentioning cosmetics. Many members of the Faculty were presented at the dance. The evening was thoroughly delightful to everyone

There is no truth, however bitter, that is not better than any delusion.  
—Lyman Abbott.

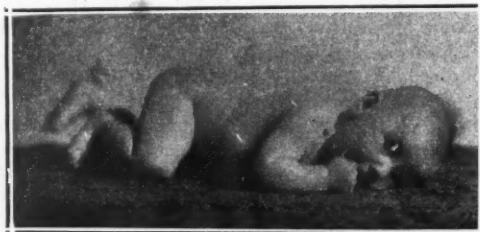


A. L. PACH PHOTO.  
Mrs. Jay Cooke Howard and the Misses Elizabeth Fessenden and Minnie Dorothy Howard—daughters of Mrs. Minnie Mickle Howard.

# Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Left—Gloria, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aba Lee Johnson, of Sioux Falls, S. D., born Feb. 5, 1920, aged three and a half years. She can hear, talk and make signs—a fine hearing child of deaf parents. Mrs. Johnson was Miss Jessie Beardsley, Gallaudet, '09, the first South Dakota graduate from college. Center—Beveley Claybourne Robinson, three weeks old son of Mr. and Mrs. — Robinson. Right—Brightbell C. sixteen months old hearing son of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester C. Benedict, of Godeffroy, Orange Co., New York State.



GARRETT GEORGE NEWKIRK III at 3 months  
Mrs. Newkirk was Viola Boylan, a popular Lexington Ave  
School graduate.



Left—Violet Imogene, age 2½ years, and Guthrie Hood Allen, age 9 months, children of Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie D. Allen, Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

Center—Veron Louis Moegle, St. Louis, Mo.  
Right—Three Generations: Emmo Vail Merrill, wife of Rev. H. C. Merrill, Syracuse, N. Y.; their daughter, Thelma Merrill Stewart (Mrs. John G. Stewart), also of Syracuse, and her daughter, Phyllis Lorraine Stewart. Mr Stewart is the son of deaf parents, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Stewart, of Oneida, N. Y.



Left—Mrs. R. Gabriel and her boys. Mrs. Gabriel was Marguerite O Meara, a Brooklyn School belle. Photo. by A. L. Pach.  
Center—J. Goldstein and Cutey, Philadelphia, Pa. Right—Mrs. Louis S. Hagan and daughter Pauline, of New York.

## The Home Club of Delavan, Wisconsin



Back row. Left to right:—O. V. Robinson, Mrs. E. Svacina, A. Schramski, S. Phillips, O. Wille, F. J. Neesam, Mrs. J. Byrnes, D. A. Cameron, J. Schreiter, K. Steinke, J. Goff, H. Hanson.  
Third Row:—Mrs. H. Riege, O. Beaver, P. Helmink, M. Hansmann, F. Jacobsen, H. Hirte, Mrs. O. V. Robinson, V. VanMatre, Mrs. R. Krug, Mrs. R. Thompson, T. Jones, A. Einolf, T. Nietzsche.  
Second Row:—M. Goff, Mrs. H. Hanson, H. Riege, O. DuCharme, R. Thompson, Mrs. H. Hirte, E. Svacina, L. Bodden, Mrs. T. Jones, E. Hirte, Mrs. O. DuCharme, Mrs. F. B. Pleasant, Mrs. R. W. Williams, Mrs. J. Goff, Mrs. F. J. Neesam, Mrs. E. Hirte.  
Front Row, Seated:—Mrs. O. Wille, Mrs. H. Coulthard, J. Williams, S. Goff, R. W. Williams, F. B. Pleasant, F. Willie, P. Goff, Mrs. O. Beaver, Mrs. S. Phillips.  
Members not present:—Chas. Henry, Mrs. Chas. Henry, Adron Henry, Adron Henry, Mrs. D. A. Cameron, Mrs. J. Dudley, Mrs. W. Wilson, M. Holverson Wm. Gallenberger, Wm. Gallenberger, E. Benash, T. Hanson.

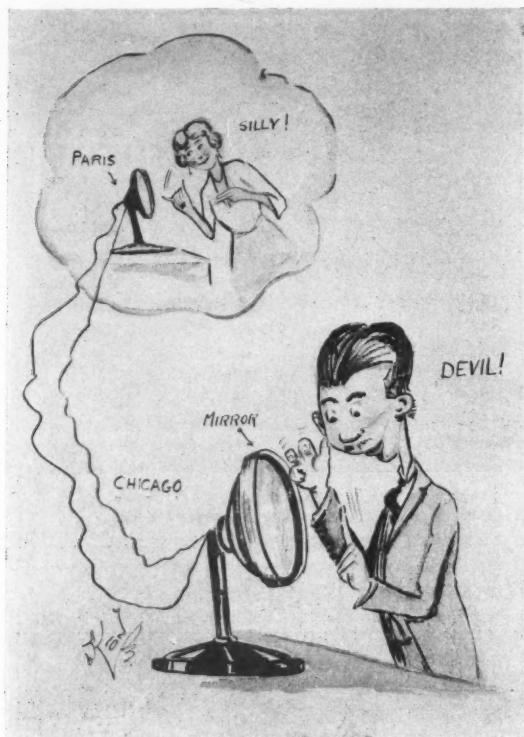
**I**T IS doubtful if any city the size of Delavan, Wis., can boast of such a large club of deaf people as the Home Club of that city. Delavan has a population of slightly over 3,000. The Home Club, made up of deaf residents of Delavan and immediate vicinity, has a membership of 62, not counting honorary hearing members. A glance at the accompanying picture, (11 are absent) shows that the Home Club is larger than most deaf clubs of cities ten times the size of Delavan.

The Home Club was founded in 1905. Miss Julia Corney, now Mrs. Bickel of Kenosha, Wis., conceived the idea of such a club. The meetings were held at the homes of its members, hence its name. When organized it had about 20 members. When the membership grew a hall was rented. The club is largely a social one. It meets every third Saturday of the month from October to April. In May there is a picnic.

There are no meetings in the summer for, Delavan being located in one of the most famous resort sections of Wisconsin, the call of the great out-of-doors is too strong for its members to resist. At the regular meetings, after the business sessions, literary exercises, games and cards keep the members occupied. The club has invited several prominent deaf men to address the members. Among those who have appeared before the club are Dr. J. L. Smith, Dr. J. H. Cloud, Dr. G. T. Dougherty, R. P. McGregor, Rev. F. C. Smielau, A. L. Roberts, E. M. Rowse, C. C. Codman, F. P. Gibson, and Rev. Geo. F. Flick.

The Bradley Knitting Co. and the State School for the Deaf furnish employment for most of the members. A democratic spirit prevails and the members live up to the club's motto, "One for all, all for one."





## MIRROR PHONE

The Telephone and Radio are denied us, but deafies have patience. Some day a kind Providence may provide us with something like what is suggested above.



THE N. A. D.'s PRESIDENT

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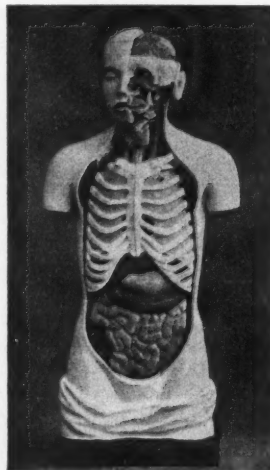
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*Names will be printed alphabetically as they come from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve of a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.*

**HOUSTON WASHINGTON.** Born in Washington, D. C., on the third day of May, 1846. Moved to New York City with his parents when he was two years old. His hearing was lost by scarlet fever. Attended the old Fanwood School for the Deaf on 50th between 4th Ave. and 5th Ave., and two years later moved to the new Fanwood School. Graduated there. Moved to Philadelphia to work for Diston Saw Works as file straightener, serving almost 30 years, retiring on pension. Married to Hannah E. Franks in Philadelphia who died on Feb. 26, 1920. He has one living daughter, Gertrude, and one deceased son, Robert. Member of the Church for the Deaf being oldest member for 57 years. He was one term President of Cleric Literary Association and held many offices in some societies. He was the Fourth Vice President of N. A. D., when the second convention met in New York City.

**MORELAND, LEON W.** Born in Costina, Ohio, June 10, 1899. Map draftsman with Jefferson County Engineering Co., Steubenville, Ohio. Lives at Toronto, Ohio. Fair speaker; fair lip-reader; excellent signmaker. Attended Ohio State School for the Deaf at Columbus, 1907-18. Member National Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at two and half years, from spinal meningitis. Considered by his superior as one of the best and most reliable draftsman in their employ.

STEPHENSON, MRS. JOSEPHINE HATTERSLEY. Born August 7, 1876, at Trenton, N. J. Housewife at 501 S. Clinton Street, Trenton. A fine speaker and lip reader; excellent signmaker. Attended New Jersey School for the Deaf, October 1883 to . . . . . Member National Association of the Deaf and the Trenton and State branches. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married October 26, 1898, to R. C. Stephenson (deaf). They have three hearing children and one hearing grandchild.



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# THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

James Wendell, better known perhaps as "Deaf Pony," who, years ago worked in Brownsville, Fla., as a painter and has since been working in various other parts of the country, spent a few hours at the above place recently meeting old friends, from whom he received kind greetings, and then went on to Fort Myers. During his travels, he was crippled in a railroad accident, which incapacitated him for work.

The first marriage ceremony in Cole county was performed in 1821, according to the Jefferson City News. It was performed by a justice of the peace. The first divorce law was passed in 1833, when extreme cruelty and conviction for infamous crime were decreed as justifiable causes. The first breach of promise suit in that county was filed by a deaf mute, in 1843. She was awarded a verdict for \$3,000.—*K. C. Journal*.

A young deaf man took a position in a large manufacturing plant. He wore a smile and greeted all of the people cordially. He really was very happy because he had a good work to do. But he did not know how well he was performing his duties. The boss noticed he was active in preventing waste. Where there was a leak he stopped it; when a door was open that should be shut he shut it. When a duty to be performed did not belong to any particular person he performed it. By and by there was a slack in business and the company had to lay off many men. It kept the deaf man. He was sorry to see the other fellows go, but was glad to remain. He did not know why he was kept, but the boss knew.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

An associated press dispatch in the Minneapolis Journal of Jan. 29, stated that sight and hearing have been restored to Willetta Huggins, the deaf-blind girl at Janesville, Wis., whose phenomenal performances through the sense of touch amazed scientists and educators a year or so ago. Physicians who have examined her say that her eyesight is now fifty per cent of normal, that hearing in one ear is practically normal, and in the other forty per cent normal. The question naturally arises as to how much of this sight and hearing she may not have had at the time of her wonderful performances. It may develop later that the public have been hoaxed in this case to a considerable extent.—*Minnesota Companion*.

Mr. J. C. Howard had quite a thrilling experience during the severe cold spell in January. According to his own account, he was up in the north woods for a week

with a surveyor, and helped cut a line through the woods. They put up at a summer camp, and as it was forty below zero, they were hard put to it to keep comfy. When the time came for them to return home, they had to walk six miles on snow shoes. It was thirty-five below zero, and they had to face a biting wind. Mr. Howard's nose and cheeks and some of his fingers and toes were frost-bitten, and for a few days thereafter he would not have made a hit as a candidate in a beauty show.—*Minnesota Companion*.

According to the newspapers Baruch Steira, a deaf-mute clerk identified one of four hold-up men, who robbed him and several others who could hear, at a card party recently. Incidentally, they were robbed of two hundred dollars in cash and jewelry worth four times as much.

In the noise and confusion the hearing men of the card party did not get a good look at the bandits. They were confused and distracted. But the deaf-mute was calm and observant. The noise and talk did not divert his attention from what was going on, with the result that the robber apprehended was held without bail. Calmness is a characteristic of deaf people when a quick exercise of their wits is necessary. You seldom or never hear of a deaf person being injured by an automobile. Nor do you find deaf drivers of motor cars to figure in accident. They use their eyes, and are entirely oblivious of the clanging of bells and the tooting of horns, which sends those who can hear into a panic. At least this is true of the totally deaf. The hard of hearing may or may not be affected. It depends on their temperament. Accustomed to place confidence upon perception of sound, they are inclined to divide their attention. They do not rely on their eyes alone, but first put their trust upon a faulty sense.

The deaf-mute, so called, has eyes trained to observe. The sight may not be any keener than that of others who have all of the five senses, but the fact that it is their sole reliance, has accustomed them to concentrate upon it, and enabled them to remain calm in complicated situations, when others have a very much disturbed equanimity.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

## A POSSUM GAME

Not long ago an unusual "accident" happened to a deaf auto owner in Nashville, Tennessee. He was driving at a low rate of speed when a colored woman ran in front of his machine, stopped, started, stopped, turned, and finally decided to lay down on the pavement. The motorist just touched the woman

but she was in a dead faint—or at least she seemed to be. She was taken into a drug store where nothing would bring her back to life until the cop on the beat suggested that the coroner he called in. Thereupon up jumped the colored woman, saying, "Yo-all ain't got no call to send the undertaker 'cause I ain't dead yet nor is I gwine to be for a long time to come!"—*John Mueller in Kentucky Standard*.

## REGARDING MR. EDISON'S DEAFNESS

The grandson of the late Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz relates in the Washington Times, September 27, 1923, an interesting anecdote concerning the eminent electrical engineer and Thomas A. Edison explaining how the two wizards of science were accustomed to hold conversation.

When Mr. Edison comes up to see Granddad, they have an odd way of conversing. Mr. Edison is stone deaf, you know, so Granddad with his fingers taps out in continental telegraph code on Mr. Edison's knee whatever he has to say. Then Mr. Edison taps back his remarks on Granddad's knee.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

## HAVING EARS BUT HEARING NOT

A few days ago we had occasion to call on the telephone a man occupying a responsible position with a big corporation with whom one of our pupils had been entrusted. "This is the Western Pa. School for the Deaf, the superintendent speaking. He would like to inquire whether you have in your custody one of our pupils," he explained. Without removing his mouth from his phone, the official addressed said to the men in his office, "The Home for the Blind is on the phone and wants to know if we have a blind child here." Then addressing us he innocently announced, "There has been no blind child left here."—*The Western Pennsylvanian*.

## G. C. A. A. VOTES BRONZE TABLET

Mr. Anton Netusil entertained the members of Midwest Chapter G. C. A. A. at the neat bungalow home of his brother on Pine street in Omaha on the evening of February 2. At the meeting the matter of presenting a brooze tablet bearing Lincoln's Gettysburg Address to the Chapel at Gallaudet was closed, the plan of the Committee being accepted and the money voted. The tablet will be ready for unveiling at the reunion and a committee will be appointed to handle this.



Midwest Chapter also voted to accept the responsibility of preparing the literary program for the reunion, and a committee will be appointed to handle this.  
—*Iowa Hawkeye.*

#### CHAPEL AT GALLAUDET ENRICHED

The Chapel at Gallaudet College, which practically constitutes a hall of fame of educators and benefactors of the deaf has just been enriched by the addition of an excellent bust of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, presented to the College by the Class of 1926 (the present Sophomore Class.) This bust, declared by some to be a better likeness of Dr. Gallaudet than the full length oil portrait now in the Chapel, is the work of the deaf sculptor E. E. Hannan. It is a beautiful piece of work. It has been awarded a place on the south wall of the Chapel. At the presentation Mr. Robert Fletcher, president of the Sophomore Class, made the dedicatory address.

#### SUCCESSFUL DEAF PRINTER

In Seattle, Wash., there is a deaf printer, who has specialized for fifteen years in a difficult line of work—Mr. W. S. Root. Of him a Seattle paper says: "Root's Printery, at 319 University Street, besides doing a general line of printing, has for fifteen years made something of a specialty of Supreme Court briefs, doing work for many of Seattle's leading attorneys, as well as for the city and county. Some of these briefs are as long as 500 pages.

Being totally deaf, Mr. Root has no telephone, but his customers in the Metropolitan Center don't seem to mind that. They are glad to get out into the fresh air and leave their orders with him. His more distant patrons drop him a letter requesting him to call or they send the copy direct by mail.

#### REV COLLINS S. SAWHILL

Mr. Collins S. Sawhill, lay-reader of Cleveland mission, was ordained deacon by Bishop Lenard in Trinity Cathedral hall in that city on Sunday morning, January 27th, in the presence of fifty-five deaf. The missionary presented Mr. Sawhill to the Bishop, and interpreted the service in signs, and the Rev. George F. Flick of Chicago preached the ordination sermon. The new deacon assisted in administering the cup in the Holy Communion that followed.

In his sermon Mr. Flick mentioned that the Rev. Job Turner was ordained in his sixtieth year of age and did a good work in the South for twenty years. Mr. Sawhill is the twentieth deaf man in America to be ordained in the Episcopal Church, and will be in charge of the Cleveland mission under the Bishop and Council.—*Ohio Chronicle.*

#### DEAF COUPLE CONDUCT CURIO SHOPS

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Huffstater conduct the Thousand Island Art Store in Clayton from June to September, and from October to May they are at Tupper Lake, N. Y., where they operate the Tupper Lake Novelty shop which manufactures paddles, tomahawks, hatchets and other wood novelties. They are doing a thriving business in both places, catering to the tourists who throng these resorts. The Clayton store is a pleasing instance of what the deaf can do in the retail business. Mrs. Huffstater who

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was a Rochester pupil, waits on her customers, who rarely suspect the fact of her deafness due to her excellent lip-reading, and who, when they discover the fact, are delighted with her personality as well as the atmosphere of the store. Mr. Huffstater used to have a photograph studio that was a lucrative business; but his weak eyes made it necessary for him to take up the business that he has enjoyed for the past few years.—*Rochester Advocate.*

#### DEAF MAN HAD THEM GOING

At the Surry county court, the past week, Louis Crotts, aged 25 deaf and dumb, was up for moonshining and alleged destruction of property. The white man could neither read nor write and it was useless to hand him any writing on a paper. There was no one present to act as interpreter and the court was strictly up against it when it came to getting any testimony from Crotts. John Folger, his counsel could get no intelligent answer from him, Solicitor Graves was all up in the air when it came to communicating with the sinner and finally Sheriff Haynes who claims to know how to talk on his fingers, gave him a round but Crotts sat like a stonewall and the sheriff, too, took the count.

Finally his counsel entered a plea of guilty for him. It was shown by the evidence that he was found at a still, that he had gotten mad at John Galyean, a miller in Franklin township because Galyean had refused to grind meal for alleged blockaders and had gone to the mill and practically demolished it. It is believed that the deaf and dumb man had been hired to destroy the mill but as he could not talk, hear, or write, he could make no explanation of his conduct.—*Winston Republican.*

#### THE CRIME OF PARENTS

In the majority of cases parents of deaf or blind children are eager to place them in some school where they can be educated and fitted as far as possible, for the unequal struggle which awaits them. Strange to say, however, there are others who deliberately deny such children the God-given right of education. They allow them to grow in ignorance, burdens to themselves and to society. Some of these parents plead in excuse their great affection for their afflicted children and their unwillingness to be separated from them. Others simply keep them at home for the work they can do.

We, who are blessed with hearing, speech, and sight, and have enjoyed the advantages of education, know that its worth is above the price of rubies and

diamonds, and if we count it our greatest treasure, how inestimable must be its value to the deaf and the blind.

Think for a moment of the pitiable condition of an uneducated deaf-mute. He sees the bright sunlight of heaven, but he does not know who guides the sun in its course. At night he looks up at the myriad of twinkling stars and wonders what they are. He sees the trees bear fruit in their season; the field grow green and then brown again; the snow of winter, and the flowers in summer; but he does not know why it is so. He is conscious that he lives and moves and has his being, but he does not know the Author of his life. The more active his mind, the worse for him, for it is always striving for what it cannot attain, searching for what it cannot find, trying to understand mysteries it cannot fathom. His life here instead of being pleasant is only an unhappy existence and he does not know that there is any hope beyond the grave. These are the consequences in many cases which parents must answer for, and the picture is not over drawn.

Take a deaf child when he is old enough to know that he is different from other people; when his mind is beginning to enquire into the reason and origin of things and begin to explain to him, as only a trained teacher can, his first lessons in life. See how eagerly he grasps at things hitherto beyond his reach, note the bright sparkle of his eyes and his look of gratitude whenever a mystery is explained. It is compensation to the teacher for his patient endeavours and makes him feel that he is doing the Master's work. Would that the over affectionate or avaricious parents could see it.—*The Belfast Messenger.*

#### "FIRST THINGS."

The "first" in schools for the deaf in this country are as follows:

First school effort at Cobb, Virginia, by Col. Bolling, 1812.

First State School—established at Hartford, Connecticut, by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, 1817.

First State School—established by the legislature at Danville, Kentucky, 1823.

First College for the Deaf—established by Congress as a national school in 1864, at Washington.

The first public day school for the deaf, the oldest established one noted in the *Annals*, is the Cincinnati Oral School established in 1886, with a notation that a day school was opened in Chicago in 1875.—*The Silent Hoosier.*

Kentucky claims another "first,"—the first denominational school for the deaf.

It was established near Lebanon, Marion County, Ky., in 1839, by Bishop Flaget. His niece, Sister Eulalia Flaget, had spent two or three years at a school for the deaf in Brittany learning the method used there, and brought back with her another French teacher, Sister Antoinette Bernier. Together they opened a school for the girls at the Convent of the Sisters of Loretto, their first class consisting of three pupils. The charge for board and tuition was \$100 a year. But there were but few Catholics in Kentucky, and the school had to look to distant communities for patronage; after a few years the school was given up.

Still another Kentucky school that was the first of its kind in America was the one established in 1842 at Hopkinsville, Ky., by Rev. Robert T. Anderson. He conducted a school for the hearing, and conceived the idea of adding a department for the deaf. He secured several pupils to start with, and in a year or two had a good size school for that day. It is known that in 1845 he had deaf pupils from five states. The oral method was used; Rev. Mr. Anderson was cognizant of Braidwood's school, and with the methods used in it, and appears to have had good success in teaching some of his pupils to articulate. One peculiarity of this school was that the deaf and hearing pupils studied and recited in the same room, and when possible recited the lessons together.

The school was carried on until the death of Mr. Anderson in 1854. No one to fill his place was at hand, and the school was given up.

Dr. A. Graham Bell heard of this school some years ago and was much interested in its story, for he had a theory that the deaf could be advantageously educated in classes with the hearing. He had some special researches made to bring to light the history of the school, and some interesting facts were brought to light, but most of the people who could have told its story were dead, and not many written records had been preserved.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

#### A LETTER FROM HELEN KELLER

The following interesting letter written by Helen Keller on February 2 describes in a remarkable way her enjoyment by radio of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony played by the New York Symphony Orchestra led by Walter

Damrosch assisted by the chorus of the Oratorio Society of New York.

"I have the joy of being able to tell you though, deaf and blind, I spent a glorious hour last night listening over the radio to 'Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.' I do not mean to say that I 'heard' the music in the sense that other people heard it; and I do not know whether I can make you understand how it was possible for me to derive pleasure from the symphony. It was a great surprise to myself. I had been reading in my magazine for the blind of the happiness that the radio was bringing to the sightless everywhere. I was delighted to know that the blind had gained a new source of enjoyment; but I did not dream that I could have any part in their joy. Last night, when the family was listening to your wonderful rendering of the immortal symphony some one suggested that I put my hand on the receiver and see if I could get any of the vibrations. He unscrewed the cap, and I lightly touched the sensitive diaphragm. What was my amazement to discover that I could feel, not only the vibrations, but also the impassioned rhythm, the throb and the urge of the music! The intertwined and intermingling vibrations from different instruments enchanted me. I could actually distinguish the cornets, the roll of the 'drums, deep-toned violas and violins singing in exquisite unison. How the lovely speech of the violins flowed and flowed over the deepest tones of the other instruments! When the human voices leaped up thrilling from the surge, of harmony, I recognized them instantly as voices. I felt the chorus grow more exultant, more ecstatic, up-curving swift and flame-like, until my heart almost stood still. The women's voices seemed an embodiment of all the angelic voices rushing in a harmonious flood of beautiful and inspiring sound. The great chorus, throbbed against my fingers with poignant pause and flow. Then all the instruments and voices together burst forth—an ocean of heavenly vibration—and died away like winds when the atom is spent, ending in a delicate shower of sweet notes.

"Of course, this was not 'hearing,' but I do know that the tones and harmonies conveyed to me moods of great beauty and majesty. I also sensed or thought I did, the tender sounds of nature that sing into my hand—swaying reeds and winds and the murmur of streams. I have never been so enraptured before by a multitude of tone-vibrations.

"As I listened, with darkness and melody, shadow and sound filling all the room, I could not help remembering that the great composer who poured forth such a flood of sweetness into the world was deaf like myself. I marveled at the power of his quenchless spirit by which out of his pain he wrought such joy for others—and there I sat, feeling with my hand the magnificent symphony which broke like a sea upon the silent shores of his soul and mine.

"Let me thank you warmly for all the delight which your beautiful music has brought to my household and to me. I want also to thank Station WEAf for the joy they are broadcasting in the world.

"With kindest regards and best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"(Signed) HELEN KELLER."

—*The Western Pennsylvania*

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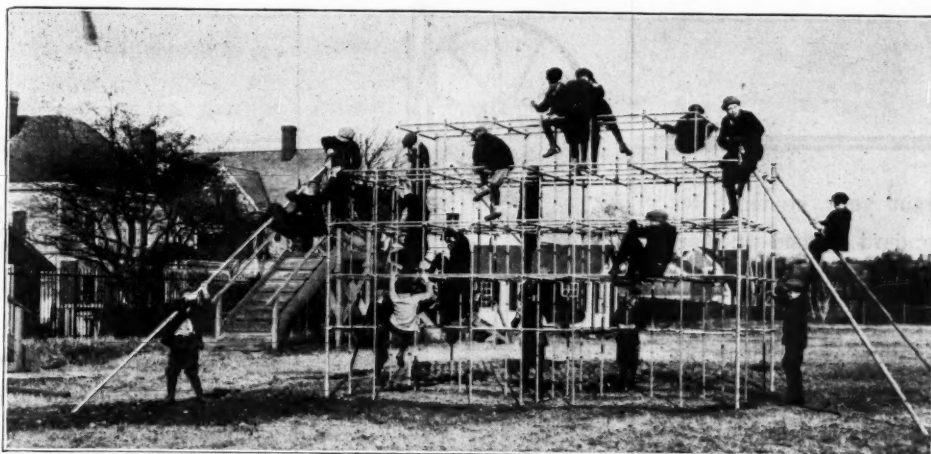
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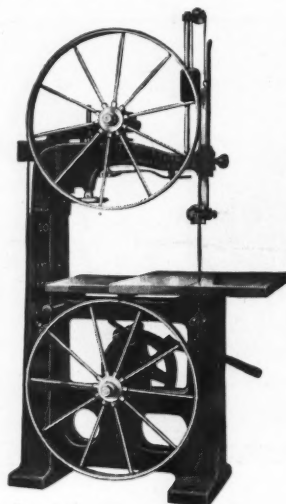
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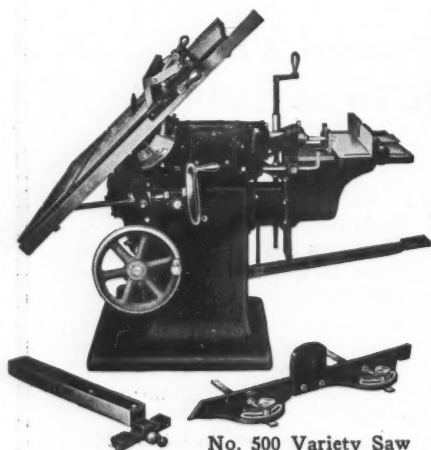
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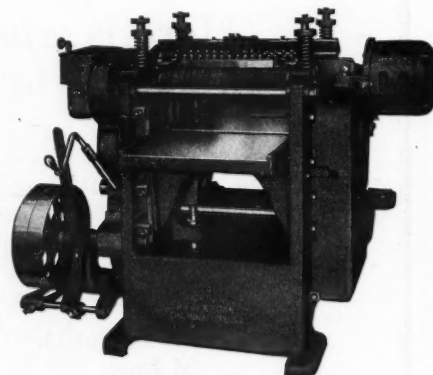
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The Association, through its agent, the Volta Bureau, and its publication, The Volta Review, is daily striving to promote BETTER SPEECH and BETTER CONDITIONS FOR LEARNING SPEECH in all the schools. Obviously it is the duty of all who are interested in the welfare of the deaf to support its efforts. The cost of membership in the Association is only \$3.00 a year, and includes a year's subscription for the Volta Review, the magazine that carries good cheer and the spirit of happiness into so many homes.

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## It Can Be Done

"If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley --- but be  
The best little scrub on the side of the hill;  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,  
And some highway some happier make;  
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass---  
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

"We can't all be captains; some have to be crew;  
There's something for all of us here;  
There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do,  
And the task we must do is the near.

"If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;  
If you can't be a sun, be a star.  
It isn't by size that you win or you fail---  
Be the Best of whatever you are."

*Douglas Mallock.*